

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1907.

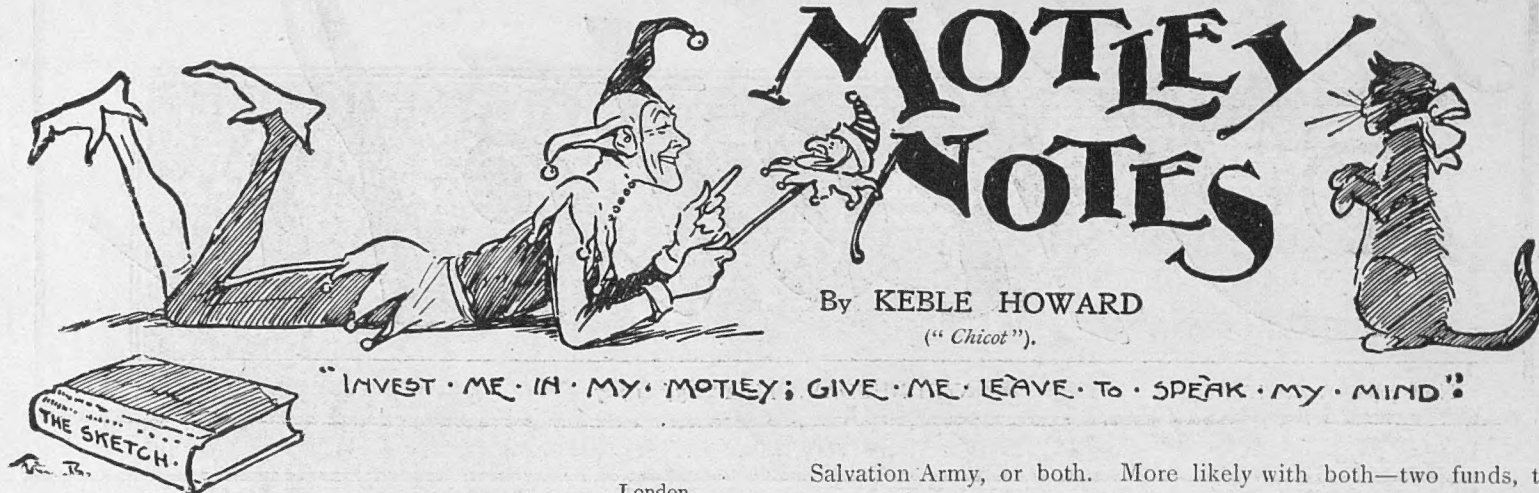
SIXPENCE.



THE ENGLISH MOTHER OF THE FUTURE KING OF SPAIN: QUEEN VICTORIA EUGÉNIE,
WHO GAVE BIRTH TO A SON LAST FRIDAY.

Queen Victoria Eugénie, who is the only daughter of Princess Beatrice, was born on October 24, 1887, and was married to the King of Spain on May 31st, 1906.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. C. WILMSHURST.



The Dame is
Exasperating.

"What's the matter?"

The question was put in a tone of mockery. Dame Nature was sitting at my open window, contentedly puffing a cigarette and watching the brown-sailed barges that slowly nosed their way seawards.

"Matter? Oh, nothing. I'm only hot and fagged and cross, that's all. Pray don't let me interfere with the enjoyment of your cigarette."

"Not I, laddie. That's all right. But why do you go on working if you're hot and fagged and cross?"

"Because," I replied, with the awful stillness of manner that denotes blind, red fury, "the publisher expects these proofs, revised to-morrow morning."

"Why does he?"

A piece of the chair came away in my hand.

"You may have heard," I began, speaking very softly through my set teeth, "of things they call books. A book is a certain amount of written matter, printed and cut and folded and bound. It is sold for a sum of money by a person called a publisher. This is a book. I have written it, and the person called a publisher expects the proofs to-morrow morning. That is why I go on working when I am hot and fagged and cross."

Real Midsummer
Madness.

"I can tell you a good way out of the difficulty," observed the old lady.

"I presume you're going to be delightfully witty at my expense."

"Not at all. I'm going to give you a sound piece of advice. Let the book stand over until the autumn."

"I see. That's uncommonly brilliant. And what about all the arrangements that have been made? You don't seem to realise that—"

"Don't bother me with your silly little details, laddie. I'm taking a broad view of the case. If the publication of a book in the summer involves heat and fag and bad temper, it is ridiculous to publish in the summer. As a matter of fact, it is ridiculous of you people to do any work at all in the summer."

"That's merely talking for talking's sake."

"On the contrary, it's talking for your sake. The summer was intended for idling. Those who work voluntarily in the summer are fools."

"What about involuntary work?"

"Faugh! There's no such thing."

The Dudes of
Cockcrow.

"You're a very charming old lady," I retorted quietly, "and I am very fond of you. But, upon my word, if you sit there and talk such irritating drivel, I shall be forced to drop you on to the head of a passing policeman."

"One of the surest signs of decadence," said Dame Nature, "is hatred of the police. Still, that's by the way. I say there is no such thing as involuntary work. Have you ever looked from this window between two and three in the morning?"

"Thousands of times."

"That's nothing to be proud of. Anyway, have you ever noticed a long, long string of contented-looking men making their way in ones and twos and threes up Northumberland Avenue?"

"Certainly. They have been supping on the Embankment with the administrators of the funds of the Church Army, or the

Salvation Army, or both. More likely with both—two funds, two suppers."

"My point precisely. These men are infinitely wiser than you. They know how easy it is to live on nothing a year, especially in the summer."

Not Much of a
Tiff.

"But what about the winter?" My jaws came together in a triumphant snap.

"In the winter they are the victims of the unwieldy engine you call Society. They cannot get work in the winter, simply because they have been idling all the summer. This is rank injustice. If all men idled through the summer all men would work throughout the winter. But the majority of men being fools, or summer-workers, the delicate dudes of the Embankment find themselves out of fashion. . . . I hope the truth doesn't bore you."

"The truth," I said splendidly, "is never boring. Why, if I may say so without being rude, don't you tell it?"

"Then I am boring you. Sorry." The old lady pitched the end of the cigarette into the gutter, and drew her cloak about her.

"Don't get huffy, dear," I implored.

"I'm not huffy," she explained. "I'm merely in the way."

"Not in the very least. I love to listen to your old-fashioned nonsense. Sit down again, and tell me this: If we all left off working in the summer, would the Church Army and the Salvation Army combined be able to feed us for a single day?"

A Shocking
Insult.

"No, I should feed you myself."

This, as you may imagine, made me jump. "Repeat that," I pleaded.

"I should feed you myself. How is it that men cannot understand? Is it because they live in cities, and forget the luxuriance of June, July, and August? Do you know, my friend, what your England looks like from my standpoint?"

"Oh, Queen of the Earth and Mistress of the Sea, I suppose."

"A smoky smudge."

"That's absurd. In my geography book—"

"I know. And in your history book you read that England was—is, rather, for that page is never revised—the greatest nation in the world."

"Certainly!"

"Unfortunately, history-books are printed in several languages. However, be that as it may, I tell you that your country looks just a smoky smudge. Coalfields for cornfields, chimneys for apple-trees, railway-tracks for vines. And it used to be such a pretty little island. Heigho!"

"This is the merest sentiment. As our industries thrive, so do our people."

The Sanctity of
Harvest.

"See page thirty-two? Don't be silly, laddie. As your industries thrive, the more impossible it becomes to live the natural life, the life

of complete idleness, in the summer. I do not reckon as work, mind you, the gathering in of the harvest."

"Don't you, though? Have you ever tried it?"

The old lady smiled—a wise smile.

"In my own way," she said, "I harvest every year. It is no labour to me, for I do it at my leisure. And thus harvesting should always be done—leisurely. It is, in a sense, a sacrament, and haste is ugly and unseemly."

We were silent for a few minutes. And then the old lady, her eyes ever on the river, added softly: "The summer slave-driver should be flayed alive, and the summer schoolmaster should be hanged."

I said nothing. But I quite agreed.

A Working Woman (Miss Agnes Thomas), Miss Vida Levering (Miss Wynne-Matthison), Mr. Walker (Mr. E. Gwenn), Miss Ernestine Blunt (Miss Dorothy Minto).



Hon. Geoffrey Stonor (Mr. Aubrey Smith), Lady John Wynn (Miss Maud Milton), Miss Beatrice Dunbar (Miss Jean MacKinlay).

THE GREAT TRAFALGAR SQUARE MEETING SCENE.

The scene illustrated has caused the greatest interest in theatrical circles, and is generally accepted as the finest stage crowd that has been seen for years, not excepting the particularly good ones in Mr. Tree's production of "Julius Caesar," and in "Robespierre." "Votes for Women" went into the evening bill at the Court on Saturday last.—[Photograph by the Dever Street Studios.]

PROMINENT PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.



1. THE WEDDING OF "PRUNELLA": MISS DOROTHY MINTO, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. SHIEL BARRY IS ANNOUNCED.

Miss Minto is one of the prettiest, and one of the best, of our younger actresses, and has made many successful appearances at the Court. She is now playing in "Votes for Women."—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

2. THE GAIETY-GIRL DIVORCE SUIT: MRS. MABEL EDITH BRYCE, FORMERLY MISS MABEL DUNCAN.

Mrs. Bryce, before her marriage to Mr. Francis Bryce, the well-known stockbroker, was known as Miss Mabel Duncan, of the Gaiety.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

3. THE WEDDING OF "PRUNELLA": MR. SHIEL BARRY, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS DOROTHY MINTO IS ANNOUNCED.

Mr. Shiel Barry has also appeared in several of the Court productions, and has played in many pieces with Mr. Lewis Waller. He is now in "Clancarty," at the Lyric.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

4. THE FAMOUS SINGER WHO WAS MISSING: DR. KONRAD ZAWIŁOWSKI.

Consternation was caused by the fact that Dr. Zawilowski, who was to give a recital at the Bechstein Hall last week, did not arrive in London. On the Friday he was found alive and well at his home in Vienna. It appears that he countermanded the engagement by letter, which, for some cause, never arrived.—[Photograph by Russell.]

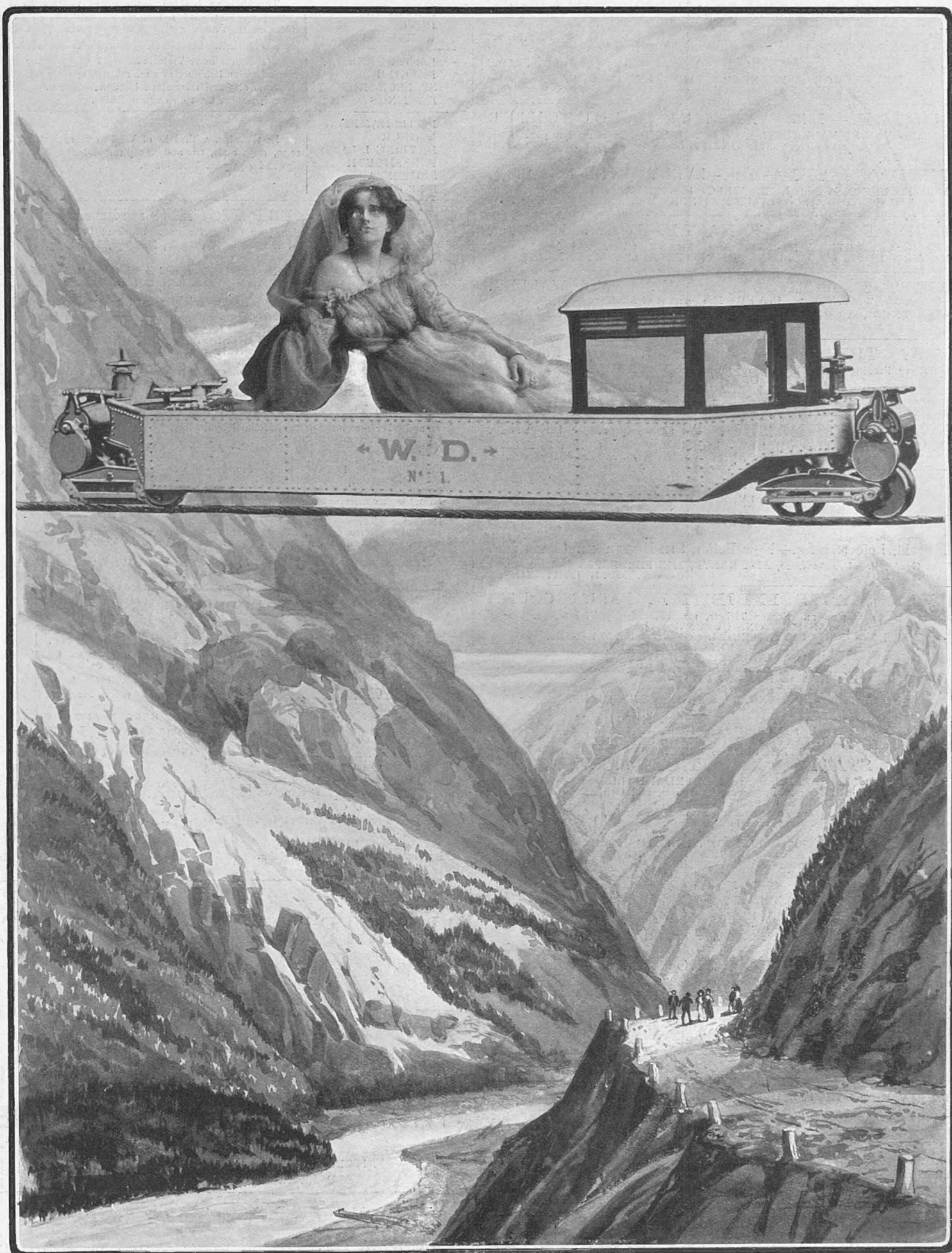
5. CADET EDWARD OF WALES AND HIS FATHER.

Our photograph is the first studio portrait of the young Prince in his uniform as a Royal Naval cadet. Prince Edward is to make the Army his profession, not the Navy.—[Photograph by Hughes and Mullins.]

6. MISS MARIE TEMPEST AND A STATUETTE OF HERSELF.

The statuette is by M. Pierre Sainte, a young French sculptor who has obtained considerable success. His next sitter will be Mlle. Adeline Genée.—[Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.]

A TRAIN ON THE TIGHT-ROPE.



MR. LOUIS BRENNAN'S GYROSCOPE MONORAIL: A CAR RUNNING ON A WIRE HAWSER.

Mr Brennan's adaptation of the gyroscope to the monorail has caused a sensation in scientific circles. His model has been tested most successfully. It is kept upright on a single line by an adaptation of the gyroscope—two wheels revolving in opposite directions in a vacuum. This continually brings the car to a vertical position. For the purposes of illustrating the invention in an interesting manner, we have placed Mr. Brennan's model (on the hawser on which it can run) in a pictorial setting, and have set a fair passenger in the car.

Setting by "The Sketch"; photograph of the passenger in the car by S. Elwin Neame.

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THE

UTOPIA-HUNTER

By DION CLAYTON

CALTHROP.

THE PROFESSION.

ANY number of people are ready to run down and abuse actors as creatures of inordinate vanity without brains. They hold them up to scorn as self-advertisers who live on the flattery of the public; as men who are hardly men because

they daub their faces with grease-paint, and appear nightly under the stress of emotions that are not real. These same critics are

ready to accuse some authors of a serious purpose and a high moral tone, not realising that both these attributes are merely used as money-making, praise-gathering appendages. It is the public who make the actor appear ridiculous. They discuss his clothes and his personal appearance, and they belaud him when he appears in parts written down to them—parts he secretly, in common with other men of sense, detests.

The public, which cries so petulantly for artistic plays, rails against them when they are set before them. They want, really, to see their favourites in what one may call melodramas for connoisseurs. And, such being the case, they have no right to accuse the stage of a lack of serious artistry.

Those actors, of course, who are vain, self-advertising, eager for a personal popularity outside their art, would be just as effeminately ridiculous in any other profession.

The public has little knowledge of the hard work and study which all good artists (of any kind) put into their work, and the subtle touches of character, the delicacies of voice-modulation, the niceties of gesture are missed time and time again.

There is a certain section of the profession, one admits, whose ignorance on most topics is abysmal, who have the vaguest ideas on any subject outside their own tiny world; but then these people occur in every kind of profession, and the "shop" of artists and authors and lawyers and pianists and butchers is not more sickening than the shop of the stage.

There is one thing which surprises me about actors, and I believe, again, that the public is at the bottom of that. For the few actors who take their art seriously, ten thousand—delightful people, no doubt—look upon it as the easiest means of livelihood, and no more than that. Then the public having refused to take the theatre seriously must be the cause of that.

Of all artistic crowds, the painters are the most cultivated. A painter must have a certain knowledge of history in general, of the history of his own art, of the variations of costume, of architecture,

of materials. He is brought up on theories of beauty, and he dies—if he is a great artist—changing his mind.

The actors as a crowd do not seem to regard an education of this kind as necessary, and yet all great actors have laid it down as dogma. They argue that, as it is an emotional profession, give them the words and the clothes and the surroundings and they will convey the right impression. I think they are wrong. I think it would be better for the profession if they went through a regular artistic training just as any painter does.

This, however, is but part of the quarrel between public and actor, yet it is a straw showing the way of the wind.

I have often heard the expression, "Such a charming man—one would never have guessed he was an actor." The people who make use of the expression have only the haziest idea of what they expect an actor to be like, except that they think he will be very vain, full of pose, and incapable of talking about anything but himself, and the parts he has had offered to him and has refused.

There are such men, but they are not confined to the theatrical profession. There are authors who swagger of the sums they have taken or refused for their books, who creep into Society, and warm themselves at the flattery of tea-parties. There are musicians who cultivate a dreamy look and a lack of soap. There are painters who pose unbearably; and there are decadent little poets. The decent men, the lights of the profession, have to suffer for the "side" and superciliousness of their brethren, and I am sorry for them. But this is no reason why the whole profession should be judged by the weakest members of it.

One cannot expect everybody who lives the queer, artificial life of the stage to remain untouched by it; the constant contact with unreal things, the

necessity for having emotions on tap, and named like the stops of an organ, the night life, the footlights, the roars of applause, all make a man a little different from his fellow-men. But then the constant attendance on the sick, the life of a man who fights death, the curious, enormous battle which doctors constantly wage make of them men a little apart, marked with the hall-mark of healing.

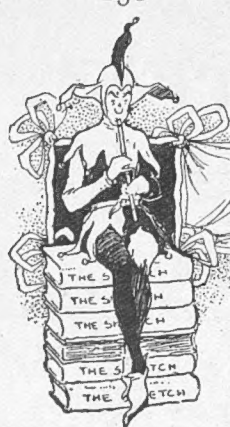
I find I have not said half I intended, and I must put it roughly. If a man is a gentleman, with gentlemanly instincts, no amount of acting will drive it out of him. If a man is a cad, no amount of acting will make anyone think he is a gentleman.

But to abuse an entire profession because some of its members are fools seems not only unfair, but show also an ignorance of the better side of anything.



THE HUSTLING SEASON HAS BEGUN! AMERICA SEES LONDON IN RECORD TIME.

DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.



THE CLUBMAN

THE REFORM OF PUBLIC DINNERS—TOO MUCH FOOD—THE SENSIBLE TIME FOR THE ROYAL TOASTS—
SMOKE—HOW TO CURTAIL SPEECHES.

MR. MAXSE, writing to the *Times*, proposes certain reforms in public dinners, one of which is that the principal speech of the evening shall be delivered at such a time that it can be reported in the morning papers. This is but one of many alterations that could and should be made.

The length of the dinners of societies and all kinds of associations is abnormal. It is part of the creed of all secretaries that no one can possibly pay less than a guinea for a banquet, and that a very great deal of food should be provided for that sum. I know by heart most of the menus for these dinners at the different restaurants. I sit with folded hands while whitebait succeeds to salmon, and by the time the red pepper in a *Croûte Saharienne* drives away the sickly sweetness of the *Pêche Melba* I am heartily tired of the smell and the taste of too much food.

One of the reforms that I would urge on the secretaries of clubs and associations which have an annual dinner is to place the toast of "The King," and the other royal toast earlier in the evening than they are given now. I see again and again at public dinners, just about the time that the waiters breathe down the back of

"Why doesn't he propose the King and let us smoke?" One of the most cheery of the dining clubs, the *Bons Frères*, has an excellent arrangement for getting rid of the volumes of smoke which gather in a dining-room. There is one ten minutes after dinner when all the windows are thrown open, no matter how cold the night may be, and any of the hosts or guests who do not want to sit in a draught go into the ante-room while the dining-room is purged of the odours of food and the accumulated smoke. There are many other clubs which might follow this example.

The president and the secretary of all clubs and associations decide how many speeches there are to be at the dinners, and the men who dine never protest, though they may go away from the dining-room wearied with much oratory, and though in the papers next morning the most interesting speeches of the evening may be only recorded by a mention that Messrs. So-and-so also spoke. Four speeches, two of proposal and two of reply, are enough at any dinner, however large and however formal it may be. The royal toasts call for no speech, for "The King, God bless him!" means to every Briton more than any halting panegyric can convey, and we all love our Queen too well to need any reminder of her grace and graciousness. Such toasts as "The Army, the Navy, and the Reserve Forces"—it will be "the Territorial Forces" now—are only a weariness, for if a soldier or a sailor has anything interesting which he would say in reply he is not by the laws of discipline permitted to say it.

It would be a great deprivation to many old Admirals and old Generals not to be allowed to get upon their feet, and, with many interspersed "ers," to assure the assembly that "as the Navy or the Army has done its duty in the past, so it will do it in the future." I know one old seadog, in great request at City Company dinners, who has made the same speech at every dinner he has gone to these twenty years. The health of the chairman might very well be treated as the royal toasts should be and be drunk with acclamation, but without a speech. I am afraid that it would be impossible to make the hour of dinner any earlier. Eight o'clock is the hour most convenient to busy men, but if the dinners and the speeches were shortened, both dinner and speeches would be comfortably at an end soon after ten—a very sensible hour at which to end a sitting at table.



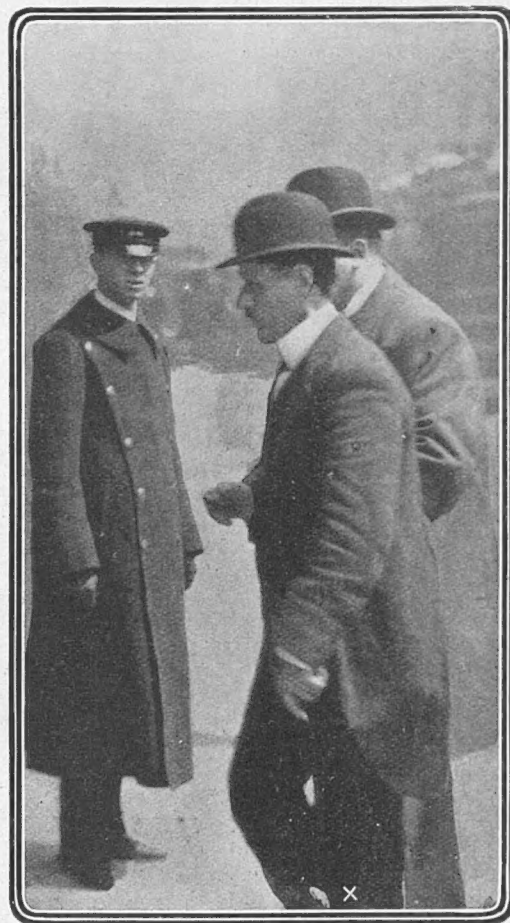
FREAK OR ILLUSION? THE LADY WITHOUT LEGS.

The lady without legs is shown at Kastan's Panopticon, Berlin. Knowing several illusions in which the same effect is obtained, we cannot but believe that this is yet another illusion. The German photographer is not so certain. He writes: "There is to be seen a young lady, Miss Gabriele. This is not the result of accident or operation, the lady having been born like this in Switzerland. She is of a very cheerful disposition, and lived some time in England. She is 24 years of age."

Photograph supplied by the *Tobical Press*.

one's neck and whisper, "Hope everything was satisfactory, Sir," that the president of the feast is so deep in conversation that he has forgotten that five men out of every ten are uncontrollably anxious to smoke; and is unaware that the etiquette which prescribes that no cigar or cigarette shall be lighted until his Majesty's health has been proposed is so galling to half of this number that they have lighted up surreptitiously.

Why a subject should not be as good a subject if he drinks the health of our King, who loves a good cigar, with a cigarette between his fingers as he is without a cigarette, I do not know; but it is one of our national beliefs that loyalty and tobacco-smoke do not go well together; and we are like the Medes and Persians in some matters. I would suggest that the royal toasts should be proposed immediately after the *grosse pièce* of the evening has been served, and while the waiters are out of the room, before bringing in the next course. There is no gastronomic reason against this, for a pause before the kickshaws of the feast are served will keep nobody starving. That mystic pronouncement, "Gentlemen, you may smoke," which is generally received with a groan of contentment, would not be needed, and though I myself do not smoke, I would far sooner, if necessary, eat my quail with the smell of tobacco-smoke about it than sit next to a neighbour who for a quarter of an hour moans,



THE ARREST IN CONNECTION WITH THE GREAT WERTHEIMER ART ROBBERY: "JOHN SMITH" (X) THE ACCUSED MAN, ENTERING MARLBOROUGH STREET POLICE COURT.

The great art robbery at Mr. Charles Wertheimer's house in Park Lane was again brought to public notice last week by the arrest of "John Smith," who was brought before the magistrate at Marlborough Street Police Court, charged with the burglary, and remanded for a week. "John Smith" is 31, and describes himself as a waiter.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

POTATOES THAT GROW ON TOMATO-PLANTS

AND OTHER REMARKABLE NEW CREATIONS IN PLANT LIFE.



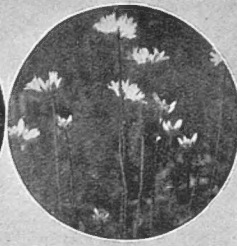
A PARENT OF MILLIONS:
THE ORIGINAL BURBANK PLUM TREE.



THE IMPROVED EVERLASTING FLOWER,
TO BE USED IN MILLINERY.



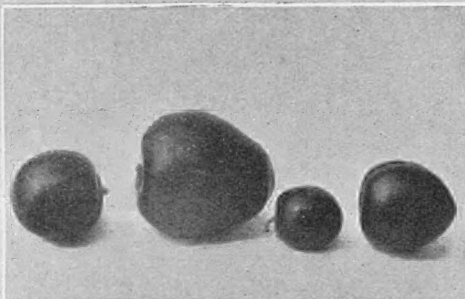
A RED OF THE NEW
FRAGRANT DAHLIAS.



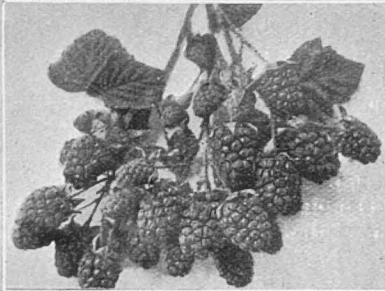
THE RE-CREATED WILD ONION FLOWER,
CHANGED FROM DEEP PURPLE
TO PUREST WHITE.



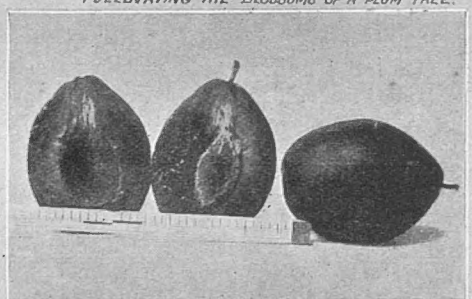
MR. BURBANK
POLLENATING THE BLOSSOMS OF A PLUM TREE.



PLUM DEVELOPMENT:
THE TWO LARGER FRUITS ARE SEEDLINGS OF THE OTHERS.



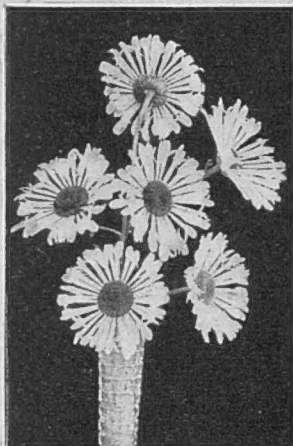
A MARVELLOUS NEW BERRY; THREE INCHES LONG



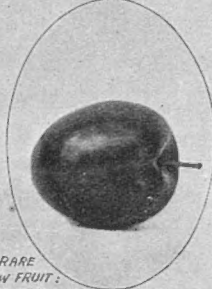
A GIANT PLUM: VERY RICH AND PROLIFIC.



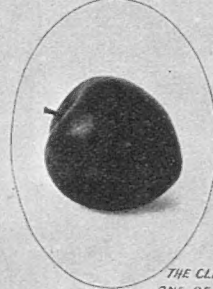
RARE EFFECTS IN THE
TRANSFORMATION OF THE
COLUMBINE



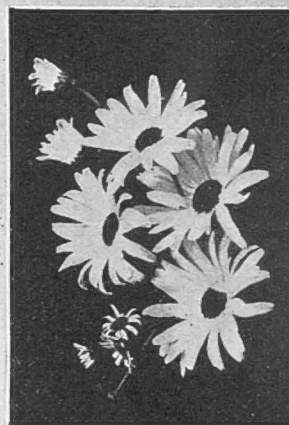
FLUTED DAISIES,
ONE OF THE DEVELOPMENTS OF THE
SHASTA DAISY.



A RARE
NEW FRUIT:
THE PLUMCOT—
A HYBRID OF PLUM & APRICOT



THE CLIMAX,
ONE OF THE
RAREST PLUMS PRODUCED.



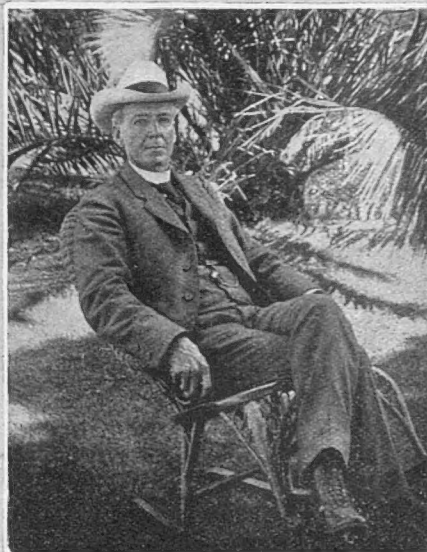
A SHASTA DAISY
BETWEEN 4-6 INCHES
IN CIRCUMFERENCE.



RARE EFFECTS IN THE
TRANSFORMATION OF THE
COLUMBINE



THE PINEAPPLE QUINCE: AN IMPROVED VARIETY, WITH PINEAPPLE FLAVOUR.



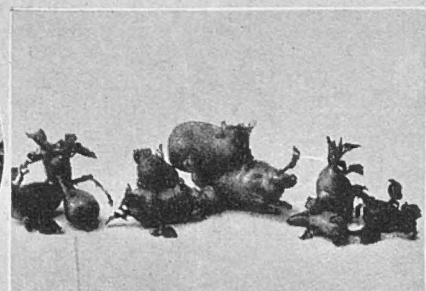
A MAGICIAN IN PLUM PRODUCTION: MR. LUTHER BURBANK



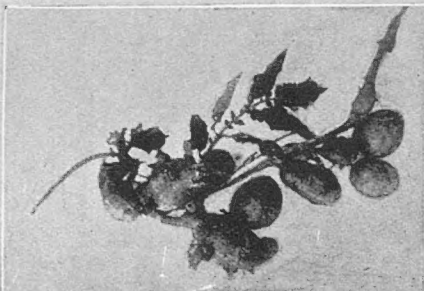
MULTIPLE GRAFTING: A TREE PREPARED TO GROW 500
DIFFERENT FRUITS.



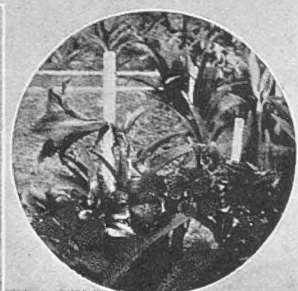
CULTIVATING THE NIAMNUTH PIEPLANT:
THE LEAVES MEASURE ABOUT 1/2" ACROSS



POTATOES GROWING ABOVE GROUND:
A POTATO SCION GRAFTED ON A TOMATO PLANT.



POTATOES GROWING ON A TOMATO VINE
AFTER GRAFTING ON A POTATO ROOT.



THE IMPROVED AMARYLLIS
WITH BRILLIANT BLOSSOMS
MEASURING NEARLY A FOOT IN DIAMETER.

EXTRAORDINARY FRUITS AND FLOWERS DEVELOPED BY MR. LUTHER BURBANK'S METHOD OF CULTURE.

"New Creations in Plant Life," by W. S. Harwood (Macmillan), gives a most interesting account of the extraordinary fruits and flowers which Mr. Luther Burbank has produced in his Californian nursery. He has improved the varieties of fruit, flowers, grasses, trees, and vegetables, has merged wild or degenerate types with those of cultivation, and has created absolutely new forms of plant life. His method of producing new forms is to sift the pollen of one plant upon the stigma of another; this act, pollination, resulting in fertilisation. Of equal importance is his method of selection, his continual choice of the best and rejection of the worst. He has produced a marvellous new plum, has taught potatoes to grow in the air on a tomato-plant, and has increased the size of berries to Brobdingnagian proportions. He has also altered the appearance of flowers, so as to produce forms hitherto unknown.

Reproduced from "New Creations in Plant Life" by permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"A ROYAL FAMILY"—"CLEOPATRA IN JUDÆA"—"THE HOUR"—"STRONGHEART."

CAPTAIN MARSHALL'S piece bears revival very well, chiefly because a great part of it is pure comedy treated excellently.

So long as the humours of the Court of Arcadia are being presented, the play runs with a ripple of laughter, and the sentimental passages, if not of the same quality, are more than merely passable. "A Royal Family" has never been acted quite satisfactorily, and even now at the Duke of York's there are weak spots in the cast and no very strong ones. Miss Alexandra Carlisle is a talented young lady who played Angela quite prettily, without, however, noticing that she ought to present a carefully trained young Princess and not a charming little bourgeoisie; moreover, the stage-manager should constantly have said to her "Eyes right" or "Eyes left," and forbidden her to gaze at us. Mr. Henry Ainley, the Prince, also lacked dignity in his wooing, but otherwise was really excellent. Mr. C. M. Lowne, as the King, was perhaps a little too finely humorous—the play demands a somewhat more specifically comic person—but he won a great deal of laughter. Miss Dolores Drummond I prefer as the Queen-Mother to her predecessor; both represented the humours of the sour old lady admirably, and if in a sense Mrs. Calvert was funnier, it was rather as Mrs. Calvert—and therefore a little out of the picture—than as Queen-Mother. Mr. Lyall Swete was wholly excellent as the Cardinal; and one cannot ignore the clever work of Master Andrews in the character of the youthful Crown Prince.

It is a pity that the English Drama Society cannot find a better home than the little Archer Street theatre, the stage of which was absurdly small for "Cleopatra in Judæa," with injurious effect. However, I do not think that Mr. Arthur Symons' play would be very impressive under any circumstances. The author is a writer of rare quality, some of whose books have delighted me, but apparently he lacks instinct for the stage. His episode concerning Cleopatra and Herod, whom she tried to fascinate, has no dramatic movement or vigour of character-drawing, and less charm of phrase than I expected. One mistake is obvious. Cleopatra ought to have known that Herod intended to kill her—the knowledge would have lent an element of drama to the scene. The piece was acted well enough. Miss Esmé Beringer looked superb as the Egyptian Queen and delivered her dialogue admirably: there really was no more to do. Mr. Arthur Goodsall played the part of Herod strongly.



CHIEF ACTORS IN THE COUNTESS-DRAMATIST'S PLAY: MISS EDITH OLIVE AND MR. MATHESON LANG IN "THE FINDING OF THE SWORD."

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

encouragement of our native drama ought to produce. It is by no means satisfactory as a work of art, but is at least a comedy of idea, in which a young writer of much ability is trying to find his way to the stage. To me it was far more interesting than the shoal of American-manufactured dramas now flooding

our theatres. In his effort to present to us the young woman who takes an unconventional view of marriage and morality and is more willing to make a temporary union with the man she loves than to marry and mar him, Mr. Monck comes close to a caricature of the "woman-who-did" type in vogue a few years ago; yet though one is puzzled, even sometimes amused, by Esta Lane, there are passages in which the character lives as a real woman—and we see very few of them on the stage.

The picture of her brother sent to Oxford to take Holy Orders and coming back to the vicarage an Agnostic, and suddenly reconverted by a kind of miracle in a wood, is clumsily drawn in places, and it is sometimes difficult to follow the workings of his mind; yet here, again, was a sincere and clever, if half-unsuccessful effort to paint a real human being—such failures as Esta and Roy Lane are of more value than the triumphs of many playwrights. The parts acted well. Miss Lucy Wilson's study of

the girl was a little clumsy in detail at times, but on the whole, strong and sincere, and Mr. Goodsall played the brother's part very ably. A small character—drawn at too great length, but still quite well drawn—was admirably presented by Miss Clare Greet. Mr. Arthur Morland had a trying task as the old Vicar, of whom he made an agreeable, if not very impressive figure. Mr. Monck is certainly a promising young dramatist, who must, however, avoid overcrowding his canvas with needless detail.

In "Strongheart" we were back in the hurly-burly of American "comedy-drama"—so called because it is neither the one nor the other, but a mixture of farce and melodrama. "Should the Indian marry the girl?" asks the advertisement. In fact, the piece is not a genuine problem-play. Of course Strongheart ought not to marry Dorothy Nelson: it would be a crime to take a refined young girl from a luxurious home to live as squaw in the tents of a nomadic, poverty-stricken tribe of savages, who objected to their chief wedding a white woman. Mr. de Mille chooses facts which avoid serious consideration of the racial question; he has merely written a play round—round and round—the question that he pretends to examine, a question on which a big play might be written, but has not been. As it stands we really have little more than the "Caste" problem, than the matter of a marriage between people in different circumstances. If Dorothy had been a vigorous young sportswoman, capable of enduring a rough life, and welcomed by the tribe, a real question would have been raised; and even then the marriage, and not merely a talk about one that did not happen, should have been the basis of the play. No doubt I am taking the work too seriously; falling, indeed, into the trap set for the public. Although it is dreadfully noisy at times—I wonder whether the Americans have dull ears?" "Strongheart" makes a curious, effective entertainment. For full enjoyment the audience ought to be supplied with an American slang dictionary and a guide to American football: I suspect that my ignorance caused me to miss many points; still, quite sufficient were obvious—very obvious. The melodrama plot about the stolen football signals is poor, stale stuff. The dressing-room scene during the football match was quite exciting, and admirably presented: Mr. Breese made a big hit in it as the coach swearing at the apparently beaten team, the members of which acted admirably as a body. Miss Mary Boland, the leading lady, played charmingly; and Mr. Edeson, as Strongheart, the Indian chief, acted with a great deal of ability and nice restraint. The "low-comedy merchant," Mr. McIntyre, though painfully boisterous, was quite funny at times.



THE COUNTESS-DRAMATIST: THE COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE, WHOSE "THE FINDING OF THE SWORD" WAS PRODUCED RECENTLY AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

THE GENTLEMAN-BURGLAR PLAYLET AT HIS MAJESTY'S:

"THE VAN DYCK," AND A CHARACTER FROM "THE RED LAMP."



1. JOHN PETERS (MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH) IS PLEASED TO ANSWER THE FLATTERY OF THE GENTLEMAN-BURGLAR, ARTHUR BLAIR-WOLDINGHAM (MR. TREE) BY GIVING AN EXCRUCIATING SOLO ON THE VIOLIN.

2. MISS KATH CUTLER AS FRILSE, THE TREACHEROUS MAID, IN "THE RED LAMP." 3. THE GENTLEMAN-BURGLAR, FEIGNING MADNESS, THROWS JOHN PETERS, WHO HAS SOUGHT TO CAPTURE HIM BY APPLYING A JU-JITSU LOCK.

John Peters is a mean little collector of art treasures, and he is sitting alone in his room one night when there is a knock at the door. A fashionably dressed man enters and introduces himself as one who has been saved from suicide by the sound of Peters' playing on the violin. Peters is duly flattered, and gradually Woldingham works him into a state of ecstasy as to his genius. Then the visitor's manner gets a little excited, and a little more excited, and Peters begins to wonder whether he is entertaining a sane man or a lunatic. Then, at last, Woldingham makes a mad dash for him and he flees the room. The moment he has left, the visitor's apparent insanity vanishes. Going to the door, he calls his assistants, and gives them orders to clear the room of its art treasures—all, that is to say, save one, a Van Dyck that he knows to be spurious, but which is the joy of the innocent Peters' heart.—[Photographs by Burford.]

SMALL TALK



WIFE OF THE KING OF SPAIN'S
GREAT FRIEND: THE MARQUESA
DE LA MINA.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.

ONE of the most attractive and popular personalities in the Spanish Court is the young Marquesa de la Mina, whose husband was constantly with the King of Spain during his Majesty's visits to this country. Spanish ladies of rank are highly educated; they invariably speak French with perfect ease, and now that Spain has an English Queen our language is being acquired by all those ladies about the Court who had not already a knowledge of it.

Lord and Lady
Amphill.

Among the most interesting of the Academy portraits of the year are those of Lord and Lady

Amphill. These full-length presentments of a deservedly popular Peer and Peeress are placed one each side of Mr. Cope's much-talked-of painting of the Sovereign, and are of heroic size. Lord Amphill, though still a young-looking man, has already had a considerable public career, and when appointed Governor of Madras, his youthful appearance created quite a sensation in India. He and his pretty wife, who was before her marriage Lady Margaret Lygon, became exceedingly popular, and they received a unique send-off when they came home last year. Lady Amphill is the proud mother of four little sons, of whom the second was named after Lord Curzon.

Mudless Manœuvres.

Twice within the last few days the authorities have cancelled a military review. In both cases the abandonment was caused by rain. In one case the Colonial Premiers were the sufferers; in the other, Prince Fushimi and his suite. It is perhaps a question whether the decision of the military powers that he was altogether wise. Certainly, it seems somewhat weak to imply that the British Army is afraid of getting wet or of dirtying its clothes. This is likely to appeal to our Japanese visitor more especially, for if ever a nation understood the art of fighting and manœuvring under every climatic condition, that nation is represented by the army of Japan.

The German Dog's Royal Friend

Germany has more than once taken example by this country, and it seems as if a visit to the famous establishment at Battersea fired Princess Carl-Anton of Hohenzollern to start in Berlin a home for lost dogs. The Prussian capital shows little tenderness to homeless and strayed animals, and Berlin dog-owners go in perpetual fear lest their pets should fall into the hands of the merciless town police.

Now, thanks to the kind-hearted Belgian Princess—for she is a sister of the future King of the Belgians—lost dogs will have a chance of being recovered by their owners safe and sound. The Princess Carl-Anton Home will house close on a thousand dogs, and her Royal Highness will take a very active part in the management of the establishment called after herself.

"Reconstitution of
the Scene."

This is one of the beauties of French jurisprudence. When it is supposed that a man has committed a crime, the magistrate charged with the investigation reconstitutes the scene. One of the detectives is the victim, and another is the murderer; the supposed culprit is brought in to witness the performance, in order to see how he takes it. If he is guilty, he will betray himself by some involuntary gesture; he will show by his manner that he can do the murdering so much better than the amateurs. At least, that is the theory. Sometimes it comes off and reveals the culprit;

sometimes it nearly kills the policemen-actors. On May Day Jacob Law, a Russian Anarchist, fired on a patrol party of cuirassiers; he hit one on the breastplate. The scene was reconstituted a few days afterwards in the exact spot where the drama occurred. Happily, no one was hit, but the public got an excellent show for nothing.

The Frost as Archi- tect at Knebworth.

Knebworth, their home for a day, will remain a pleasant memory which the Colonial Premiers will carry back to their own lands. It will be the more interesting to them from the recollection that upon a time it was the home of one who helped to make history over-seas. There Lord Lytton made his residence after his term in India and Paris. He loved the place



THE LADY AMPHILL, C.I.



THE LORD AMPHILL, G.C.S.I.

NOTABLE PRESENTATION PORTRAITS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY—
BY ALBERT H. COLLINGS.

in spite of the fact that his father, with the best of intentions in the world, had done all that he well could to spoil its appearance, by plastering it over with stucco-work, with gargoyles, and tawdry pinnacles. Now the frost worked havoc with these embellishments, and any appreciable drop in temperature would be accompanied by a sensible diminution in the number of decorations still in position. After one such frost the owner of the mansion was strolling with a guest on the lawn when there approached an irate gardener to report the downfall of another gargoyle. "If you please, my Lord," he said, "there's another of them adjectival monkeys fell down in the night." The word which he used was adjectival in character, not in actuality.

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IF THEY WERE REAL! A SEVEN-FOOT SILKWORM
AND OTHER REMARKABLE MODELS SHOWN IN THE COMMERCIAL MUSEUM AT PHILADELPHIA.



With the intention of providing striking object-lessons for children, the authorities of the Commercial Museum at Philadelphia have set up large models of many winged and creeping things. These include the seven-foot silkworm, the huge moths, and the gigantic chrysalis here illustrated. The models, which are, of course, faithful reproductions on a large scale of the originals, make the use of the microscope unnecessary.

Setting by "The Sketch"; photographs by the P.-J. Press Bureau.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The Open Secret. Lord Fitzmaurice put a damper on the Lord Mayor's young enthusiasm the other day by informing him that when a man announces, as his Lordship had announced, his willingness to retire to a Bulgarian monastery, he is generally regarded as engaged in a dangerous conspiracy, and to be watched with unusual vigilance. But our Chief Magistrate may find consolation in the reflection that as strict a surveillance is exercised over persons not inclined to any design so striking as withdrawal to a monastery. Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott, when they first reached India, were regarded as Russian spies, and Lord Lytton, then Viceroy, gave orders that the lady, at any rate, must be kept under police supervision; but it must be very secret—nobody must know of it. A few days later he received a formal complaint from Olcott that he and the lady were shadowed everywhere, and their lives rendered intolerable. The official to whom orders as to secret observations had been given was summoned to the Viceroy, and declared that his instructions had been carried out to the letter. "My Lord," he declared, "wherever the two suspected persons have gone, two mounted sowars have followed them."

France in New Zealand.

The dinner of the New Zealanders in London this evening possesses an interest for Frenchmen not commonly remembered. Had all gone as the French intended, there would have been no Union Jack floating to-day over New Zealand: the French Tri-colour would have held pride of place. Sixty-seven years ago the good ship *Britomart* hurried into the harbour of Akaroa, Bank's Peninsula, Canterbury, to proclaim the sovereignty of Great Britain over the southern islands of New Zealand. The Home Government had got wind of a French expedition sent out to annex the islands. Five days after the British flag had been unfurled, up came the Frenchmen, their man-of-war *L'Aube* leading the way, followed, four-and-twenty hours later, by the *Comte de Paris* bearing emigrants with whom to found the colony which was to belong to France.

Behind the Scenes. Once an archdeacon, always an archdeacon; that seems to be the position of the reverend plaintiff who heard the Judge in his case say the other day that he (the plaintiff) is not in the eye of the law an archdeacon. But who shall say him nay when he desires for the future to call himself archdeacon? The problem is not the first which has proved difficult of solution. Manning, after he had become a Catholic, once found Bishop Phillpotts of Exeter, groaning on a couch with gout, come to ask his advice. Phillpotts had said hard things of Manning since his secession, and the last-named asked him now, "What can you want of one once guilty of 'a great public

scandal'?" The Bishop explained that his words had been spoken more in sorrow than anger, and that he now wished to know what the Church of Rome would do in case similar to his own, where he was set at defiance by a priest whom he was unable to dislodge from church or benefice. Manning showed how his Church would withdraw an offender's faculties and suspend him. "I envy," said the Bishop, "the Church of Rome for its possession of such an effective weapon."

A Roomful of Gold. Lord Cromer comes home, leaving a new Egypt behind him. But for an accident he might have created a new Turkey; Sir Edward Malet had arranged for him to go as Minister of Finance to the Sultan. There has been another might-have-been in the strong man's career. He

might have had Cecil Rhodes, as well as General Gordon, out at Khartoum. Fate decreed otherwise. Gordon was anxious that Rhodes should accompany him on the fatal expedition. It is interesting to reflect what the three men, so like, yet so unlike, would have done. Gordon and Rhodes were true friends, though they seldom agreed on policy. Gordon told him how, after the suppression of the Taiping Rebellion, the Chinese Government had offered him a roomful of gold as reward, and

he had refused it. "I should have taken it," said Rhodes, "and as many roomfuls as they would have given me. It is of no use to have big ideas if you have not the money to carry them out."

Railways While You Wait.

The Colonial Premiers, scurrying hither and thither, have had ample opportunity of testing the capacity of the railways of the Motherland, and it is to be hoped that their verdict will be favourable. They have not seen all that we can do in the way of running parties about the country. Thirty years ago Sir James Caird took a company of his friends, comprising artists, warriors, and scientists, on a holiday by Pullman. It was a camp upon wheels. Everything needed for the trip was taken, and for a month they went just where they wanted, track, of course, permitting. A carefully planned time-table made the running of the train fit in with the work of the lines, and engineering skill had to overcome the other difficulties. And there were difficulties. Several of the bridges in the north of Scotland were not high enough to permit the lofty Pullmans to pass. That being so, Sir Charles Tilston Bright went on in advance with a gang of men, scraped away the ballast under the sleepers, lowered the line, and so made a passage possible. Only once did he misjudge the distance, and then all the ventilators on top paid forfeit.



HOW TO DINE IN THE HOT WEATHER: A METHOD LONDON MIGHT IMITATE—
A SCENE ON AN AMERICAN ROOF-GARDEN.

Photograph by the P.-F. Press Bureau.

"THE SKETCH" THEORY OF THE DESCENT OF MAN.

DRAWN AND EVOLVED BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



STAGE VIII.—THE SLENDER-RIBBED MAMMAL AND YOUNG.

Found in the Chalk and Water Deposits of the Ohmyocene Age.

(Following this is the Missing Link.)



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



ACTING in a play in which the pointing of a revolver at one of the leading characters is an important incident must carry Miss Marie Illington back to a memorable experience during the early period of her career, when she was a very young actress in a stock company. She was cast for Cassie in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and at one moment had to fire a revolver at the villain, who was flogging Uncle Tom. She had never fired a revolver in her life, and told the stage-manager so. "That'll be all right at night, Miss Illington," he replied, "for if anything happens to your revolver there will be a man in the wings with another, and he'll fire for you."

Thus heartened, Miss Illington made up her mind that there was nothing to worry about, and when the night came she looked

forward to the firing of the pistol without apprehension. When the cue was given for her to point the weapon at the villain, she did so. The next moment, however, her old nervousness overcame her, her hand, still clutching the weapon, fell to her side. Then, in fear of the noise of the revolver that would have to be fired by the man in the wing, she dropped her own revolver to the ground, and stuck the index finger of each hand into her ears. Naturally, in the interests of the play, the villain fell mortally

wounded by the shot which Miss Illington had not fired, and the audience, appreciating the humour of the situation which had just occurred on the stage, roared with laughter as the act drop fell.

Mr. Frederick Burton, who gives so humorous a performance of Mr. Stubbins in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," lived during the earlier part of his life in the little town of Gosport, Indiana, where the only outlet for his dramatic aspirations was in "speaking a piece," as they called reciting, at the church entertainments. His success induced him to decide on a theatrical career, and he secured an engagement with a second-rate tragedian touring the smaller towns of the States. His first part was the Fourth Senator in "Damon and Pythias," whose "lines" consist of the words, "Nor I." At the end of an impassioned speech, made by Damon to the Senate, the First Senator rises and says, "I do not approve of it." The Second rises and says, "Nor I," words repeated by the Third and Fourth Senators. There was only one rehearsal, and after it was over, several of the members of the company went to the novice and offered him some advice as to the best way of playing his part. One said: "Stand very erect, with the left foot well advanced, the right hand high above the head, and speak in a commanding voice, with special emphasis on the 'I.'" Another advised that the right foot should be well advanced; a third that the left hand should be raised; while a fourth suggested that the greatest effect would be got by both hands being well advanced from the body and particular

emphasis being laid on the word "Nor," instead of the "I." As showing the different conceptions of which even a small part is capable these opinions are interesting, even though the advice was confusing. Still, Mr. Burton determined to follow as much of it as possible. That night he was in the theatre fully dressed and ready for his part long before any of the other members arrived. During the evening the actors continued to give him more "advice," while, as he haunted the stage, he got in the way of the stage hands and was bumped about with the scenery, so that by the time he had to go on the stage he was on the verge of nervous collapse. At last his scene arrived. Damon made his address, the First Senator rose and said, "I do not approve of it." Up rose the Second, "Nor I," and the Third followed, "Nor I." Mr. Burton's chance had come. His heart was beating like a

sledge-hammer, and he rose with his right foot in front. Then the different advice he had received flashed through his mind. He hesitated, drew back his right foot and advanced his left foot. Then he reversed them. He raised his right arm above his head, he dropped it to his side, and up went his left arm. The audience began to titter. He took a deep breath and shouted out, "AND ME!" As soon as he left the stage he was dismissed from the company by the irate manager, and

the next day on his way back home to the little Indiana town he swore a solemn oath never again to attempt to be an actor—an oath he kept faithfully for nearly two weeks.

A striking instance of the actor's power of intuition—or imagination, as people choose to regard it—was given a few weeks ago by Mr. Forrest Robinson, the Mr. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. He was acting in New York with Miss Ethel Barrymore in "The Silver Box," in which he played the Magistrate. Neither he nor any members of the company had ever seen an English magistrate, so he had no data but his mother wit to go upon in presenting the outward characteristics of the man. One day last week, when the play was running smoothly at Terry's, it occurred to him that he would like to see what a police-magistrate looked like. With a friend he went to Bow Street Police Court, and to his amazement he saw that he had made up exactly like the sitting magistrate in every particular, and from the front had looked exactly like the magistrate on the bench. Mr. Robinson has had a wide experience in English plays, for twenty years ago he was the leading man at the Boston Theatre, Boston, where all the Drury Lane and Adelphi melodramas were produced. For two years he was also leading man with Mrs. Harrison Grey Fiske when she produced "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "A Bit of Old Chelsea," while for nine years he has been leading man with Mr. Charles and Mr. Daniel Frohman.



THE MIKADO'S "MIKADO"? HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY'S COLLECTION OF MARIONETTES.

The Mikado is exceedingly fond of dramatic performances, and has a wonderful collection of marionettes. The puppets represent well-known Japanese actors and actresses.

SAVED BY THE ADVANCE GUARD.



THE SLIM MAN: Confound it all! I went up to my room just now in the dark,
and bumped my nose on the edge of the door.

THE STOUT MAN: Ah, that's a thing I never do!

DRAWN BY H. M. BROCK.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE dog in fiction has always been an endearing creation; and now that Mr. Aflalo has fondled him, and recorded his movements in the morning Press, we may expect novelists to give him more space and study in their pages. He will bark oftener at the psychological moment; he will wag his tail with a discrimination more helpful than ever to the heroine in her reading of the hero's character; he will oftener expose the villain by a growl. In that very clever but very unsatisfying book, "The Country House," Mr. John Galsworthy has used the dog as a property with excellent effect. Mr. Aflalo, before he compiles another "Who's Who" of dogs in fiction must read "The Country House."

There is a kind law of compensations at work in the world. If Mr. Somers Somerset had been returned to Parliament in place of Mr. Arnold-Forster we should not have had his capital article in the *Nineteenth Century* on the Pearl Fisheries of Ceylon; and that is an article which could be ill spared from the month's miscellaneous literature. Mr. Somers Somerset has been in Ceylon; has bought a batch of the forty million oysters which each season yields, has allowed them, like the rest, to rot in the sunshine, so that the evil odour reaches out to sea five miles, and so, also, that out of the putrefied oyster-slime the pearl may be picked with ease. The Cingalese coast becomes for the time a kind of Monte Carlo. The oysters are sold in lots to the highest bidder. Each shell may contain a pearl worth two hundred pounds or it may contain nothing. Mr. Somers Somerset (tell it not to Lady Henry!) felt the spirit of the gambler come upon him, and, sure enough, he got a goodish yield of pearls from his purchase. But it was days before he could reconcile himself to his find, after all that he had seen and smelt. The pearl itself is a parasite, and only by disease and decay does man—meaning woman—become possessed of what seems to be the cleanest and purest of all her possessions. Nature abounds in such paradoxes, but this one in particular seems worth a note.

Fewer tags of poetry than usual are appended to the Academy pictures of the year. I saw Sir Lewis Morris at the Private View turning over the catalogue with a wistful air. That was a place where, a few years ago, he was likely enough to find his name. Portraits also of novelists or poets are scarce this season. Mr. Max Pemberton stands for the first—he and his motor-car; and we cannot miss Mr. Joy's portrait of Mr. Mackenzie Bell, for the sitter's name is printed in black letters upon the frame—a "Spring's Immortality." Authors can do these things. If publishers were painted with their motor-cars the *Times* would make us all shudder over their acquisitiveness; and if they published their names on their frames they would be twitted with an inappropriate self-advertisement. Mr. Thomas Hardy is, among living men of letters, the most determined as a Private Viewer. This year he spent the

day there—he and his wife together. Another rather unexpected presence at these functions is that of Mr. Frederic Harrison. Both Mr. Hardy and Mr. Harrison make it a sort of religion to look lovingly at every picture on the line. One wonders what they make of them all. Mr. Browning, we remember, had an almost equal zeal; but those were the days when Sir Henry Taylor and John Stuart Mill and Tennyson and Matt Arnold and Rossetti were being painted by Watts; and when Disraeli, pausing before the portrait of a young man with red hair, asked Montagu Corry who might be this unregenerate version of the Duke of Argyll. The catalogue was examined. "Oh, that is Algernon Charles Swinburne," was the faithful secretary's reply.

Mr. Lewis Hind, who has written for Mr. Methuen a delightful book about Cornwall, worked almost as much with his feet as with his hands over its production. He tramped first and wrote afterwards. He was not, however, mistaken by anybody for a pedlar, as "R. L. S." was. He made no journey on a donkey either, so he had no such afterthought as "R. L. S." wrote in a copy of the *Donkey Journey* in the Cevennes he gave to a friend—

It rained, it snowed, it thawed, it thundered. Which was the donkey? I have often wondered.

Mr. Hind walked as a well-dressed citizen. He put up at—and with—hotels. He visited the artists at St. Ives as almost one of themselves; those at Newlyn as old friends dating from the days when he was sub-editor of the *Art Journal*; and he shook hands with the Duke of Cornwall, if not the Duke, in his sea-girt garden hard by Falmouth. Yet Mr. Hind did not altogether lack the adventures he loves; for Cornwall teems with romance at every turn of the sod, and Mr. Pascoe has caught the Spirit of Place in the pictures that adorn these altogether pleasant pages. The Delectable

Duchy is quite unlike the rest of England, whose neighbourly attentions it rather resents. We may yet hear the call of the blood: "Cornwall for the Cornish!" and see "Q" at the head of a movement in favour of Cornish Home Rule.

Mr. Herbert Paul appears in one of the reviews as the apologist for desultory reading. All great men have been agreed as to the benefits of a rather miscellaneous browsing on books. William Pitt was brought up to regard all his reading as a means to an end, and that did not make his mind an interesting one. But the desultory reader should not have a desultory mind, and this is a rule of which Mr. Paul a little loses sight. The man whose life has been changed by coming on a chance text, or St. Augustine swayed by an overheard sentence, or Newman haunted by a phrase which, if the Latin was bad, altered his career for good—these men have always had in view one main purpose, and to this even an idle word may have ministered. If the word was idle in the utterance, not so was the man who heard it, not so the mood. M. E.



ABSENT-MINDED GENTLEMAN (who has been looking over a new house): Yes, I like it very well.

BUILDER: Wouldn't you like to take it, Sir?

ABSENT-MINDED GENTLEMAN: Um—no—not now; you might send it for me.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

GRAVE DOUBTS.



THE VERACIOUS VERGER: In the far corner lies William the Conqueror; behind the organ, where you can't see 'em, are the tooms o' Guy Fox, Robin 'Ood, and Cardinal Wolsey. Now does that guide-book as I sees you 'ave in your 'and tell you who is lyin' here, Sir?

THE SCEPTICAL TOURIST: No; but I can guess!

DRAWN BY NOEL POOCK.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

BY HAROLD OHLSON.



MR. BOUVERIE had considered the letter with the anxious thought and close attention that he devoted to even the smallest problem in his daily

life. His purpose was always to safeguard himself against a possible mistake: he could not have chosen a pair of boots without a mental struggle. He suffered from an acute sense of responsibility and no self-confidence. If he had been compelled to work for his living, worry would have killed him; but a large income from a source entirely safe had enabled him to reach middle age very comfortably. In appearance he was short, plump, and pleasant-looking; his life was that of a bachelor living in the country, well attended by a capable valet and an excellent housekeeper. He may best be regarded as a unit in the vast multitude which follows the conventions blindly, and forces them on the more versatile intelligences, not by individual strength, but by sheer weight of numbers.

The letter was from his old friend, Sir Denis Sullivan, at that time in India, and contained a request that occasioned Mr. Bouverie much anxious thought. Briefly stated, the circumstances were these. Sir Denis had received a letter from his son, in which that young gentleman announced that he had engaged himself to a lady of transcendent merits and remarkable beauty (he had insisted more on the latter, Sir Denis noticed), and wished his father's consent to an early marriage. Finding it impossible to return home to judge for himself, the anxious parent had asked his old friend to visit the lady and cable his opinion of the match. No time could be lost, as the young man's impetuous nature was well known to his father. Sir Denis had every confidence in his old friend's judgment, and would at once convey his blessing or his indignation to the ardent lover. The message had but to be "Yes" or "No"; Sir Denis would understand. It was many years since Mr. Bouverie had felt so worried; the responsibility of his task frightened him.

He had, however, made up his mind that the matter admitted of no delay, and within twenty-four hours of his receipt of the letter he was on his way to Peckham, where he had ascertained the young lady resided. He intended to presume on the privilege of an old friend of Harry's family, and pay a surprise visit, that he might probe the deeper into her personality and environment.

Peckham, accustomed as he was to the wide spaces of the country and the great houses of his friends there, did not impress him favourably, but he was firm in his determination not to be biassed before he had seen the lady herself. A small girl, not very clean, opened the door.

"Is Miss Dalton in?" asked Mr. Bouverie.

"Yers. At least, I ain't seen her go out. Wot name?"

She wiped her hands upon her apron, and took the card Mr. Bouverie offered. Holding it by the corner, as if its extreme whiteness frightened her, she left him at the door and went slowly up the stairs. Mr. Bouverie felt a strong desire to run away. However, before he could make up his mind, the little servant appeared again and hailed him from the top of the stairs. It was evidently her usual practice with visitors.

"Will yer come up? D'yer mind shuttin' the door?"

Mr. Bouverie obeyed, and presently found himself in a little parlour on the first floor of the house, which was evidently let in lodgings. There had been no hurried flight for the purposes of a more careful toilet of the lady he was visiting. He noticed that, and approved it. She came to meet him as he entered, and even in his agitation he saw that she was young, remarkably good-looking, and neatly dressed in black.

"I hope my visit is not untimely," said Mr. Bouverie. "I have taken the liberty, as a very old friend of Sir Denis's, and of Harry's, to come and see a young lady of whom I have heard so much."

"It's very good of you to come. Won't you sit down?"

Her voice was remarkable; it was very deep and full, with a suggestion of great power, although she spoke softly and slowly, with a slight drawl. Mr. Bouverie had a curious feeling that the voice was familiar to him. He thought it must remind him of some actress he had heard on one of his rare visits to the theatre.

"Perhaps you have heard Harry speak of me, Miss—er—" At the moment he could not remember her name.

"My name is Louise Ann Dalton. Most people call me Ann. Just Ann," she said, in her deep tones.

"Sir Denis being out of England at the present time, Miss Dalton, I have ventured, being almost a second father to Harry, to come and see you."

"That's kind of you. Or perhaps you are not going to be kind. You want to find out things about me?"

"I have come, I must confess, in—er—in loco parentis."

"I'm sorry you've come like that. Do you feel so bad about it?" asked Ann, whose Latin was negligible.

Mr. Bouverie made a mental note of a neglected education. Yet, with all apparently against her, he felt strangely attracted to the girl. She was certainly not vulgar, and her eyes were the eyes of a good woman. He liked her.

"I am not feeling bad at all," said Mr. Bouverie, with more sincerity in his tones than he had intended. Ann nodded.

"I think you're really kind," she said. "If you are going to try and part Harry and me, I'm sure you won't succeed; but it would be more comfortable if you didn't try."

"Do you live here alone?" asked Mr. Bouverie.

"No. Mother is out now. She won't be home until this evening."

If Mr. Bouverie was endeavouring to fix a memory suggested by Ann's voice and appearance, it was no less evident that that young lady's eyes continually sought her visitor's face with a puzzled look, as if with her also a vague feeling of recognition was striving with the knowledge that a past acquaintance was impossible.

"If there is anything you want to know about me, just ask it," said Ann.

"I should like it better if you would tell me without questioning," said Mr. Bouverie gently.

"Harry ought to have told you. Of course, we're poor, mother and me. We don't choose to be that, so you can't blame us for it. I'm twenty-five; you can see for yourself what I'm like"—Mr. Bouverie bowed gravely—"I've never had much time for learning, because I've had to work for my living."

Mr. Bouverie looked up quickly, feeling that here was a most important point. Ann answered a question evident, if unspoken.

"I've been at a place in the City since I was eighteen—in the bar."

"You are—a barmaid?" gasped Mr. Bouverie.

Ann nodded.

"Why not?" she asked. "I expect you find us useful."

"I have been a total abstainer all my life. I touch nothing but mineral waters."

"Really?" asked Ann thoughtfully. "Well, myself I like a fellow to drink as long as he knows when to stop, and doesn't get silly with it. It is usually the man who asks for a small lemon who gives you a two-shilling piece and then says it was half-a-crown. I don't like the small-lemon man, and I've had some experience."

"Too much," sighed Mr. Bouverie.

"Oh, I don't know. The danger to a girl is when she gets fond of a man, and the more she knows of them the less likely that is to happen. At least, that's my idea. Not that some of them are so bad," added Ann kindly. "I've known some good fellows."

[Continued overleaf.]

THE FRUITS OF VICTORY.



THE COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE: I upho'd that a tomato, however well aimed,
cou'd not have caused such a black eye.

THE PLAINTIFF: But it were in a tin, yer Honour

DRAWN BY P. H. BAYNES.

Mr. Bouverie rose. He felt that his mission was done, and that nothing remained but to let Sir Denis know the impossibility of the marriage without delay.

"Don't go," said Ann. "Have a cup of tea?"

She had not risen, but was looking up into his face as he stood in front of her. She appeared extraordinarily pretty at the moment. Her eyes were very beautiful, and, better, very honest. Had his judgment been hasty? Ought he not to confirm it? Mr. Bouverie sat down again.

"It is very kind of you," he said meekly.

Ann held a short conference with the little servant, whose presence just outside the door was easily explained by the fact that she had come up to see if Ann wanted anything. However, in spite of this kindly intention, she viewed the tea project without enthusiasm, but promised to consider it.

"You think Harry ought not to care for me?" asked Ann, returning to her seat after carefully shutting the door.

"I cannot say that, but you must remember the position he will occupy one day as Sir Denis's successor."

"I shouldn't hurt his position. I think I could help him. He is a dear fellow, but he wants someone to look after him."

Ann, outwardly composed—even careless—as she was, knew she was fighting for all that was most dear to her. She saw she had scored a point.

"He is very impetuous," admitted Mr. Bouverie. "He used to play mad pranks at Colthurst when he was a boy."

"You know Colthurst?"

"I live there. Sir Denis and I have been neighbours for many years."

"My mother was born there, but she left a long time ago."

"Then perhaps I have seen you at Colthurst?" asked Mr. Bouverie, still troubled with his memory.

"No; I've never been near it. I'm fond of the place, though, because I got to know Harry through it. He mentioned it in the bar one day, and that made us have a talk together. I didn't often speak to the men who came in more than I could help. I didn't fancy it. It was Colthurst brought Harry and me together."

All the time Ann was speaking her eyes had continually sought Mr. Bouverie's face, causing him no little embarrassment.

"You have not told me about your father," he said presently.

"I hope he is—is still with you."

"I don't know where he is," said Ann.

She had opened a photograph-album that lay on the table, and was turning the leaves.

"At least, I'm not sure," she added.

"I don't quite understand," said Mr. Bouverie, afraid he had touched on a hidden trouble.

"I'm puzzled myself," remarked Ann, looking intently at him for a moment.

"I hope I have not caused you any pain?"

"No; I have got used to the idea now. Mother told me years ago. He loved her. She knew that. But his friends would not let him marry her."

"Your parents are not—not legally married!" gasped poor Mr. Bouverie.

"No," said Ann.

Nothing, thought Mr. Bouverie, was possible after this. He worshipped respectability as a god. But still he waited. He felt that he had yet something to learn.

"Did I know your—your father?" he asked.

Without looking up, still intent on the photographs, Ann said, in her deep monotone—

"I think you are my father."

Mr. Bouverie half rose from his chair, but dropped back again, staring at Ann as if she were a ghost and he were terrified of her.

"Isn't that your photograph when you were a young man?" asked Ann, holding out the album to him. "And you've got that curious scar on your forehead that mother told me about."

Mr. Bouverie took the book without speaking and looked at the portrait.

"Mother never would let me know your name, but she has often spoken of you. You were a coward to run away. Your fine friends frightened you. You ruined my mother's life."

"I thought she died. They told me so," cried Mr. Bouverie, feeling as if his heart must choke him with its wild beating.

"They lied," said Ann. "But she was a good woman, and very proud. She worked for her living and for mine. I think she must have hated you, for a time, when she knew you were a coward."

"You are very hard."

Ann laughed bitterly.

"My father was hard—or perhaps only weak."

Then, grasping the situation with sure instinct, she asked—

"Well, what will you say to Sir Denis? Is your daughter fit to marry his son?"

"I must go. I must really go," moaned Mr. Bouverie. "I must think. You have so surprised and—and agitated me."

"I suppose I have," said Ann.

She made no movement to detain him, as he mechanically picked up his hat and gloves, and moved towards the door.

"You're forgetting your umbrella," said Ann.

But as he opened the door, Ann rose quickly and put her hand lightly on his arm.

"You have done me one wrong. Will you do me another now?" she asked.

"I cannot think. I am so—so very agitated. I don't feel at all well. I pray you to let me go."

Mr. Bouverie descended the stairs with faltering steps, holding tightly to the banisters as though his sight failed him. The little servant girl, mounting at the same moment with the tea, looked after him anxiously.

"Ain't the gentleman well, Miss?" she asked.

"I don't think he is very well," said Ann.

"It's the 'eat. I felt it myself, 'anging over the fire, making the tea."

"It is probably the heat," agreed Ann. "I shall not want more than one cup now, Sarah, thank you. The gentleman could not wait."

The only clear thought in Mr. Bouverie's mind as he left the house was the impossibility of returning at once to Colthurst. He took a cab to the hotel which served him as a lodging when he was in town, and there set himself the task of collecting his scattered wits and trying to decide what action he should take. To a man of his temperament the situation was terrible; through a weary evening and a sleepless night he tortured himself with remorse for his ancient sin, and fear of the consequences of it—not, indeed, the consequences to himself, but to his old friend. What could he do? What message could he send to the man who trusted him so completely? He liked Ann—he could not yet realise their near relationship—she was capable, strong, a good woman who would bring Harry happiness. It was his own friends who had separated him from Ann's mother; was he to play a like part now, and inflict the same wrong on her daughter? On the other hand, even putting aside Ann's surroundings, her occupation, her lack of education, was he to advise Sir Denis, who worshipped his family honour as a sacred thing, to allow his son to marry a girl who, in the eyes of the law, could not claim a father? Mr. Bouverie groped blindly in a mist, with voices calling him from every side, and the path that his feet should tread hidden from him. His duty to Sir Denis, to Harry, to Ann, and her mother, each seemed paramount, and each diverse. It was only of his duty to himself that he never thought.

But at last the solution came to him, brought to his mind by this very forgetfulness of self. He rose in the morning with his duty clear before him and all his doubts resolved. First, he must find Harry and tell him everything, begging him, out of pity for one who had been almost as another father to him, to do nothing rashly, but wait for Sir Denis's opinion. It is not easy for an elderly man to confess to a lad the folly and weakness of his own youth, but then the right path is rarely pleasant to tread. The interview was entirely successful; pity for Mr. Bouverie influenced Harry, when his father's anger would have seemed a little thing to check his desires. This done, Mr. Bouverie set himself to the harder part of his task, caring nothing for its difficulty and shame if, by accomplishing it, he might be faithful to the trust imposed on him.

At the same time as on the previous day he knocked again at the little house in Peckham, but on this occasion he did not ask for Ann.

"Is Mrs. Dalton in?" he inquired of the little servant.

"Yers."

"Can I see her?"

"Go up, will yer, and knock? My legs is fair worn away with them stairs."

The same evening Mr. Bouverie wrote to his old friend. His cable had only said "Must write." It is not necessary to set down here all that letter, consisting of many sheets of thin foreign paper covered with his small neat handwriting. Everything that he knew he told, his intense anxiety to set out the whole matter with perfect truth showing in every sentence. He would not judge Ann; what he had learned of her he wrote down. Only once did the bitterness of his heart master him, and he cried out for comfort. "You have often told me you wished I had a daughter, that Harry might marry her. Oh, the pity of it, Denis; the pity of it!"

At the end of the letter came Mr. Bouverie's explanation of the only way he could find to atone for his sin, and the manner in which he would attempt to put right a grievous mischance.

"That Harry will marry Ann I am convinced, whatever opposition he may have to encounter. But, as far as lies in my power, here, at the eleventh hour, I wish to make what reparation I can and soften the blow I know this will be to you. I have begged her mother to forgive me; and all my life from now will be devoted to her service. We are to be married as soon as possible. Can you ever forgive me, and call me friend again?"

Within a few hours of Sir Denis's receipt of the letter Mr. Bouverie had his answer. Brief as the cable was, it told him all he wanted.

"Always my dear and trusted friend," wired Sir Denis.

THE END.

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POLICE TRAPS TO BE MULTIPLIED: ON GUARD—DE DIETRICH—THE HEAVY TOURING-CAR RACE—SPEED AND AN INDICATOR—FROME'S HILL CLIMB.

POLICE traps are to be multiplied *ad infinitum*, and to be worked electrically over long distances by day and by night, says the *Autocar*, and goes on to suggest that as the scouts of the Automobile Association cannot possibly cover each and every point that the police choose to regard as dangerous, motorists must show a certain amount of self-sacrifice, and become, to some extent, self-protective. Our contemporary suggests that a trapped motorist shall, after misfortune, return upon his tracks, and, halting some distance from the entry to the snare, shall await the arrival of the next car, and hold up the same, as soon as it comes into sight. The driver of this car shall then be informed of the reason of his arrest, and, having been saved alive from the trap, shall await the arrival of the next car, which will relieve him of the guard duty, and assume it until relieved in turn. It is pointed out that this might mean considerable inconvenience, but if carried out loyally it would mean the collapse of police traps, which are only run as fine-getters.

As an instance of the astounding growth of the automobile industry, both in this country and on the Continent, but on the Continent especially, some details with regard to the De Dietrich business on this side of the Channel may not be uninteresting, particularly as many rumours are abroad with regard to the development of that business here. At one time De Dietrich and Co., of Lunéville, were simply manufacturers of railway rolling stock, but some ten years ago they began to build motor-cars under the direction of Baron de Turckheim. Two or three years ago the businesses were separated, and the motor section became the Société Lorraine des Anciens Etablissements de Dietrich et Cie de Lunéville. (Nice short title!) The capital was five million francs, raised subsequently to seven-and-a-half millions, and since to fifteen millions. The policy is to establish factories in different countries, only there is absolutely no idea of public flotation of any sort whatever. The De Dietrich manufacturing rights in this country, owned by Messrs. Jarrott and Letts, have been resold to the parent company, which has acquired the Ariel Works at Birmingham, with Mr. Charles Sangster as director.

The Heavy Touring-Car Race will be held in the Isle of Man on the same day as the competition for the lighter cars. The entries

number sixteen in all, ten being of native and five of foreign manufacture, with one of the Gladiators scratched. As I cannot think that the two races will be run simultaneously, the sequence of the events will give

the sightseers all the automobile racing they desire, and the officials all they want of work. Moreover, the island authorities have not only severely handicapped both events by insisting upon so early a date, but they will find that they have thereby greatly reduced the numbers who would otherwise have crossed for the races.

Some while since, a motorist driving along the south side of Regent's Park, where the really absurd speed-limit of ten miles per hour obtains at all hours of the day, was held up by the park-keepers and accused of exceeding the limit. Now it happened that this particular car was equipped with one of Messrs. Smith and Sons' latest "Perfect" speed-indicators, which is fitted with a gold maximum speed-recording needle—that is to say, that the ordinary black speed-indicating hand carries with and under it this above-mentioned gold hand so long as it—the black hand—is advancing, but leaves it fixed on the dial so soon as it returns owing to any decrease of speed. At the moment that the driver in question was accused of exceeding the park speed-limit this gold hand showed a maximum of a

shade under ten miles per hour. When evidence as to this was given before Mr. Plowden, that worthy magistrate said that, unless the park people could prove the indicator incorrect, the summons must be dismissed. Whether they have endeavoured to do this

I cannot say; but if they do, they will find it a difficult matter.

Frome's Hill Climb appears to have attracted half Herefordshire. The crowds of sightseers lining the steep ascent on each side were so dense that the passage of the cars was at times sadly interfered with, and one nasty accident occurred, while several others threatened. It was quite a day out for Daimler and Clement-Talbot cars; the performances of the latter proving the surprise of the meeting. One of them, the 15-h.p. four-

cylinder car, was driven by Viscount Ingestre, son and heir to the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot. Lord Ingestre has lately resigned his commission in the Royal Horse Guards to join and assist his father in the several automobile concerns in which he is interested.



THE CURÉ WHO CURES CARS: L'ABBÉ FURST, OF GRAINCOURT, INSPECTING A MOTOR-CAR.

The Curé of Graincourt mends bicycles, motor-bicycles, and motor-cars, and has even built a small car for his own use.—[Photograph by Trampus.]



WORK ONLY A STEAM-CAR COULD DO: SAVING LIFE BY MEANS OF A MOTOR-CAR DURING A FLOOD IN OHIO.

Many means of saving life were adopted during a recent flood at Ohio, but none was more effective than rescue by motor-car.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

BANK HOLIDAY—THE WELSHER—ASCOT—NON-STARTERS.

THERE are three meetings only to be held on Bank Holiday under Jockey Club rules. They are Hurst Park, Redcar, and Dunstall Park. Arrangements are being made at Hurst Park for the reception of a record crowd, and if the weather be propitious Mr. Joe Davis can be sure of a bumper, as the "tubes"

and electric trams are telling feeders of this meeting. The shilling gate is a big draw at holiday times, and those Londoners who believe in cheap pleasure will gladly patronise in their thousands a race-meeting at the price. I hope every effort will be made to stop welshing taking place on the course, and it should be a very easy matter to detect the wrong 'uns before they have robbed the public of their money. In these days of playing up to the gallery it is imperative on clerks of courses to see that fair play is meted out to the poorer classes in this matter. The ring-dwellers can be left to look after themselves, but the outsiders have little or no redress in the case of welshing, unless it be a resort to the thick stick

BABY BEASTS
IN AFRICA,
AMERICA,
AND FRANCE.

two-year-old events and the weight-for-age races, such as the Gold Cup and the Gold Vase, will yield well. It may not be generally known that one of the biggest bookmakers in the ring at the present time first began business at an Ascot meeting not very many years back. A friend started him in Tattersall's Ring with

£2 in cash, and a spicy second-hand suit of ducks. Luck soon came his way, as one unknown punter wanted £500 to £100 about a certain animal, and the new bookie took half the bet, which a brother pro. refused as being too much in one hand. The horse was beaten, and

the "new" bookie has never looked back from that day to this.

I noticed the other day that Lord

Rosebery had Rocketter sent to Newmarket, but the horse was not started, and the self-same thing happened to Polar Star, the property of Colonel Hall Walker. On behalf of the public, I respectfully protest against this sort of thing. How do we know that many little punters did not pay the big railway fare to go to the course and back one or other of the good things named? Another little matter in the same connection is one that requires serious consideration. Several bookmakers, in the cheap rings especially, open double-event books, and the public are offered tempting odds to back the playful double—that is, to pick out the winners of two races named



A YOUNG RHINOCEROS: AN UNGAINLY ORPHAN.

on the duckpond. A favourite form of welshing, and one that prevails at little hunt meetings, is to alter the name of the horse backed by customers. When an innocent punter goes up to draw his alleged winnings he is met with bold assertions that he backed something else, and is often accused by the bookie into the bargain of trying to obtain money by false pretences. This could be easily got over by insisting on the bookie writing every transaction on the backer's card. It is the only wrinkle occurring to me right off that would stop this sort of welshing.

The meeting on the Royal Heath opens on June 18, and it is predicted that the function this year will be one of the best experienced for many seasons. There will be a large party at Windsor Castle, and all the best houses in the near neighbourhood of the Heath have been taken for the week. Thanks to the introduction of the motor-car, it is no longer necessary to stay the night at Ascot, and now we find parties coming fifty miles each morning without the least inconvenience. Mr. Clement has been working hard all the winter to get the race-track into good condition, and the course will be found to be capital going. It is well covered with herbage just now, and looks as green in places as a water-meadow. The racing will, if anything, be above the average, and the Ascot Stakes, Royal Hunt Cup, and Wokingham Stakes will be big plums in the handicap line, while the



A WEEK-OLD MOOSE, BORN IN CAPTIVITY.



A FOUR-DAYS-OLD CAMEL.

speaking, that the reforms for which they agitate are at least worth considering; and if stars are billed to appear, they should appear on the racecourse as they do on the theatre boards. CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Man: A Rare Animal.

Time was when London was one of the capitals where Man could be discerned with the naked eye in the daytime; but now he is almost invisible except at certain favoured spots in the City and in a few eclectic clubs in Pall Mall. There was a period, considerably later than the Stone Age, when this interesting but rare creature was to be observed, feeding quite tamely, at literary and political breakfasts. Later on, he was still to be enticed by fair hands to lunch-parties, and was sometimes found hovering near the tea-table of some beautiful and expert tamer between five and seven. But with the new century this rare creature's habits have altered most completely, for he is seldom to be caught before 8 p.m. on week-days, and has a habit, moreover, of retiring to remote haunts and obscure thickets from Friday night till Monday afternoon. It has been observed that the younger and best-bred specimens exhibit a curious dislike both to the immature and elderly females of their kind, but have been known to show marked animation when enticed by a young and comely matron, and will, on these occasions, approach without fear, and even feed out of her hand.

Ladies' Lunches.

This idiosyncrasy of modern man is responsible for that new terror of London society, the ladies' lunch—one of those strange customs imported from America which we could do so nicely without. To the experienced hostess the feminine lunch is a sign of social failure and diminution of personal charm. And, in truth, there is something pathetically forlorn

about these mid-day Adamless banquets. To the mere man the spectacle of twenty peerless beauties, peacocking in their best frills without a single specimen of the other sex, and pretending to enjoy a long and costly meal, is simply amazing. I am far from denying that a woman's party can be one of the most sociable and diverting of festivities, but—it all depends on the women. Unfortunately, the kind of hostess who has to fall back on the "ladies' lunch" as an entertainment has not generally the art to draw around her the intellect and wit of the day. At these women's parties the conversation is apt to turn on chiffons, small scandal—without any

sauce—and even, low be it spoken, the iniquities of maids a n d chauffeurs. T h e

[Copyright.]

A FROCK IN CORNFLOWER-BLUE CLOTH.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

whole thing is too often simply a procession of unnecessary dishes, accompanied by a dress-parade, where the banking-book scores and personal charm is at a discount. The ladies' lunch, in short, is an innovation which should be sternly discountenanced. It serves no purpose, and is a waste of time, nerves, and money.

Einsame Menschen.

It seems incredible to some of us that in this wonderful world of London there are countless people who literally do not know anybody at all. When Gerhart Hauptmann wrote his somewhat dismal problem-play, his "Einsame Menschen" of Berlin were only lonely in so far as their inmost souls were concerned. They were not only married, but had relations, friends, and "affinities," to whom their wives very naturally objected. But in this vast London our lonely people are so in the most literal sense of the term, and in the suburbs several attempts have been made of recent years to ameliorate their lot. Whether one would not be happier and saner knowing nobody is a moot point, but it appears that these unfortunates are pathetically grateful when any little society is started at which they can meet and mix. A kindly clergyman residing on the salubrious heights of Haverstock Hill recently opened an "Eligible Social Circle for Lonely Ladies and Gentlemen" in his own drawing-room, the festivity opening by the parson, in a little speech, hoping that he would be asked to officiate at any ceremony which might result from these "happy evenings" for grown-ups. This suggestion, one would have thought, might have caused some embarrassment among the strange guests, but on the contrary, it resulted in a young gentleman marching to the piano and singing "Star of my Life," addressed, apparently, like the Scotsman swore, "at large."

"Rats!"

The humorous enthusiasts who recently introduced a number of rats as political factors on to a platform at Wimbledon where ladies were present must be prepared to see their ingenious idea improved upon and even turned against themselves. Human antipathies to certain animals and insects are so marked, that the most promising meeting might be successfully interrupted by a single individual armed with a small bag or a bottle. Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, for instance, is notoriously afraid of cats, so that one harmless puss, let out of the bag at an opportune moment, might make that distinguished warrior beat a hasty retreat for the first time in his life. There are people—patriotic Unionists and earnest Radicals alike—who object to the flighty wasp and the hairy caterpillar. It would be easy to devastate a meeting by scattering a bagful of these, while mosquitoes would prove an invaluable aid to political argument. Indeed, there is no end to the possibilities of the idea of making a platform noxious and untenable to the candidate's chairman and supporters as well as to himself, and the resources of the laboratory may yet be called into requisition by the time another General Election is upon us. I know a distinguished chemist who can produce odours from a small glass tube which are calculated to empty any room.



[Copyright.]

A SUMMER GOWN OF BRODERIE ANGLAISE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

OUR Colonial visitors must be grateful that the enforced quiet of their return voyage is near. A strenuous time has been theirs. Had they had the hours and the strength they could have had about five times as much entertaining as fell to them. Prince Fushimi's visit has been more of man's affair. There are no ladies in his suite, nor is he in any sense a ladies' man. If he were he might be gratified to note that the kimono is the inspiration of much of our mode of the moment. Our Occidental interpretation of it is very graceful and dainty; we adapt it to show the waist, a possession of which the pretty little ladies of Japan can only be suspected. Our next visitors of State are sure of a right royal welcome, since they will be their Danish Majesties, our Queen's brother and sister-in-law. The Gala at the Opera on the 11th of next month is looked forward to eagerly. It is one of the great State sights to which a section of the public can gain admission. The third Court of the season is fixed for June 6. Whitsuntide recess over, the season will go with a rush so great that we shall only begin to realise it ere its close will be at hand.

Milliners have friends of whom they wot not. Hansom-cabs are more destructive to smart, up-to-date headgear than the rain from which they often provide a shelter. Either the top breaks the feathers, or the back soils them! Four-wheelers are a degree better if one sits low—a position rendered necessary in most broughams. The bodies of the newest motor-cars are built high enough and roomy enough to give space for a woman and her hat. The havoc wrought in expensive hats of smart women might raise revengeful exultation in the minds of the sufferers from our matinée head-wear, if the said sufferers were not also frequently in the painful position of having to pay to replace the cab-exterminated millinery!

A few couples have braved the popular superstition of May being an unlucky month to be married in. Of these Sir Henry and Lady Norman were one, and Sir Capel and Lady Wolseley another. About both weddings there were unusual features. At the first, in St. Margaret's, Westminster, there were no flowers and no choristers. Mr. Lemare, that well-known student and interpreter of Wagner, played for the service a selection from the Master's works, including, as the bride entered, the music for the entry of Knights into the Temple of the Holy Grail from "Parsifal," and, as she approached the altar, the "Promise of Redemption" motif from the same work. After Sir Capel and Lady Wolseley's wedding reception, they drove down to Whitechapel and were present at a tea which they gave to crippled children there, Lady Wolseley, as Miss Beatrice Knollys, having devoted much time and energy to the interests of these afflicted little ones. If good wishes can secure a happy May marriage, Lady Wolseley has nothing to fear.

Ascot begins to come within the sphere of practical dress campaign, and what to do is an anxiety to many members of our sex. Is it to be summer dress whole-heartedly—dainty, elaborate, and perishable—or that thing so often demanded of us by our climate, a clever compromise? Rich women will have both; but for those who love dress and like to look nice a choice has to be made, and made now. Modistes will be far too busy to be depended upon to deliver dresses ordered later in time for the great international show on Ascot Heath. On the whole, compromise is having it, as far as I can hear. Yet, in some remarkable way, if the weather prove warm and bright, it will be muslins and chiffons all the way, and chill or cloud, thunderstorm or drizzle things undreamt of in our philosophy.

Sunshades are to be things of beauty this summer, when the summer comes; meanwhile we are wisely placing our confidence in *en tout cas* of bright-hued silk, which, as a rule, refrain from colouring the drops that descend from them upon our garb, but are not altogether immaculate in this respect. Later we shall see lovely white silk shades with big, bold, beautiful designs in chené flowers, roses for the most part. Painted chiffon, too, will be much used for this pretty purpose. Parasols will be rather remarkable for this beauty of design than for frilly or puffy trimming. The handles, also, are very original and beautiful. I saw one the other day in

painted Sèvres with jewelled and enamelled bands, the top white chiffon hand-painted with big wide-open pink roses and trails of their own leaves. The inside was of gauged chiffon, and the price was twenty guineas!

On "Woman's Ways" page will be found an illustration of an attractive gown in cornflower-blue voile, the strapping of itself and the bodice finished with handsome embroidery. A summer gown of broderie Anglaise and white marquisette is also illustrated.

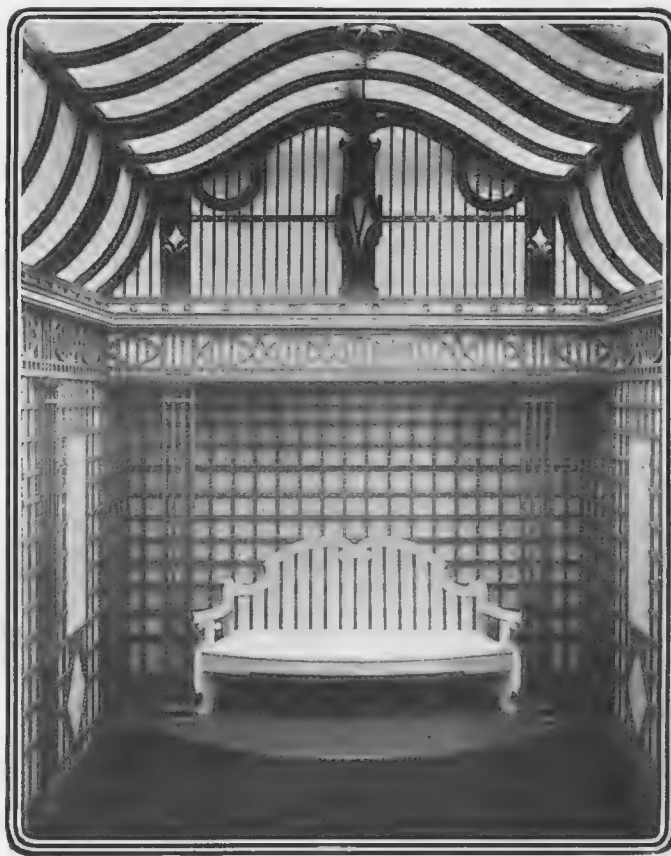
GRAMOPHONE RECORDS RECEIVED: MAY.

OVERTURE: "LA FORZA DEL DESTINO." In two parts. (Verdi.) SALUT D'AMOUR. (Elgar.) La Scala Symphony Orchestra, Milan.
DANCE OF THE HONEY-BEES. (Richmond.) RUSSIAN KOSSACK. (Ascher.) Victor Orchestra.
A GARDEN MATINÉE; LAUGHING GRACES. (Friant.) Bohemian Orchestra.
FLEETING YEARS. Mr. Edward Lloyd. (Greene.)
THE SCENT OF THE LILIES. Mr. John Harrison. (Cobb.)
ABIDE WITH ME (with Organ). Mr. Evan Williams.
LOHENGGRIN'S NARRATION (with Orchestra). (Wagner.) LOHENGGRIN'S ENTRANCE (with Chorus German Opera Co.) Herr W. Herold. (Wagner.)
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH. Mr. Robert Radford. (Weiss.)
THE NIGHTINGALE. Madame Jones-Hudson. (Batten.)
GLOW, GLOW, LITTLE GLOWWORM. Miss Ellaline Terriss.
SHEPHERD'S CRADLE SONG. Madame Dews. (Somerville.)
"PIRATES OF PENZANCE": WHEN A FOEMAN BARES HIS STEEL; "THE GONDOLIERS": A REGULAR ROYAL QUEEN. (Sullivan.) Sullivan Operatic Party.
GILT-EDGED BERTIE. Mr. Harry Lauder.
CHEER O. Mr. Stanley Kirby.
NOBODY. Mr. Pete Brown.
HELLO! OLD MAN. Miss Victoria Monks.
PRESENCE OF MIND. Recited by Mr. G. P. Huntley.
LA JEUNE FILLE MOURANTE. Recited by Sir J. G. Tollemache Sinclair, Bart. (Hitherto unpublished.)
WALTZ SUITE DE ZIMORCEAUX. Flute Solo by Mr. Albert Fransella. (Godard.)
BOULANGER MARCH. Tubaphone Solo by Thos. A. Miller. (Battistini.)

RED LABEL RECORDS.

Madame Eames.

053091 AVR MARIA: "OTELLO" ... Verdi.
053092 VOI LO SAPETE: "CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA" ... Mascagni.
Signora Celestina Boninsegna.
(With Chorus of La Scala Theatre, Milan.)
053089 MADRE PIETOSA: "LA FORZA DEL DESTINO" ... Verdi.
053088 PACE MIO DIO: "LA FORZA DEL DESTINO" ... Verdi.
Signor Titta Ruffo.
052132 LARGO AL FACTOTUM: "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA" ... Rossini.
Commendatore Battistini.
IL MIO LIONEL: "MARIA" ... Flotow.
PERCHE TREMAR: "ZAMPA" ... Herold.
O LISBONA: "DON SEBASTIANO" ... Donizetti.



[Photo. Bulbeck.]

TRELLIS-WORK IN ITS MOST ARTISTIC FORM: A RECESS
TREATED WITH "TREILLAGE"

By Mr. John P. White, The Pyghtle Works, Bedford, and 134, New Bond Street, W.

cana." Lighter music is represented by Mr. John Harrison; and Mr. G. P. Huntley gives a characteristic monologue, "Presence of Mind."

The effect that may be gained by the judicious use of trellis-work is well shown in the accompanying illustration, one of many in the elaborately illustrated volume, "Garden Furniture and Ornament," by John P. White, the Pyghtle Works, Bedford, and 134, New Bond Street, London. In England *treillage*, or trellis, usually means a fence or screen composed of posts, connected by a rail at the top and at the foot, and filled in between with a diagonal trellis, usually called "expanding trellis-work," to be hidden as quickly as possible by ivy or some similar creeper of thick growth. In France it has a very different meaning. There, it is one of the architectural features of the garden, and is not erected solely for the purpose of being covered up as quickly as nature will allow, although, at the same time, its appearance is much improved by the growth of delicate creepers of fine foliage, which neither cover nor conceal, to any extent, the fine detail of the work. Mr. White is an expert in the erection of *treillage* in the French manner, but his energies do not stop there. His firm make also every sort and condition of artistic garden-furniture, from garden-seats of all shapes and sizes to tables, sundials, trellis rosaries and verandahs, pigeon-cotes, summer-houses, Tuscan pottery, lead vases and lead figures, plant-tubs, pergolas, bridges, storing-trays for fruit and stacks for fruit, greenhouses, plant-frames, wicket-gates, entrance-gates, and lych-gates.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 28.

YOU AND MR. HARRIMAN.

SOME people in the Yankee Market talk Unions to 200 and Southern Pacifics to par. Maybe they are right. Mr. Harriman can certainly do pretty much as he likes with the shares of these two railroads, and if there's one thing Mr. Harriman seems to be particularly keen about, it's financial fireworks. We heard one critic say that Mr. Harriman is so loaded up with his own specialties that he dare not buy more; but if the public persist in their present attitude of apathy, it need cost no vast outlay in purchases to raise prices in a manner disproportionate to the volume of dealings. However, when you and Mr. Harriman are playing at a game in which the latter works in the light while you are in the dark, it is really hardly worth while bothering to puzzle out all the likelies and the unlikelies. Say "heads" or say "tails," and abide by the result of a coin-toss.

MOTOR-OMNIBUS FINANCE.

How much longer, we would respectfully ask, are the shareholders of the London Motor-Omnibus (Vanguard) and its Associated Companies to wait before something is settled regarding the reorganisation of the undertakings? The matter has been in abeyance for months past, and we are astonished that the growing impatience at the delay has not found a voice in the correspondence columns of the financial papers. At its inception, the Vanguard Company was something like a model: moderately capitalised, well and practically managed, conducted with an enterprise that shareholders in other Bus Companies absolutely envied. Therefore, the extraordinary delay in exchanging the Preference shares for the new Debenture stock, and in putting the amalgamated Company upon a settled basis, is all the more difficult to understand. It is high time for something definite to be done.

FOUR TO FIVE PER CENT. INVESTMENTS.

Several very excellent authorities in the realm of financial journalism have lately been setting out the claims of the above-named securities to the investor's attention. You are invited to agree how awfully nice it is to be able to obtain a whole 4 per cent., or thereabouts, from such issues, which have goodness knows how much security at the back of them. The reasoning is excellent; the stocks—dear in the present condition of affairs financial. Moreover, these descriptions cost a full one per cent. additional to cover stamp-duty and brokerage, while there is another $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to think about when the selling-time arrives. Now, Egyptian Unified bonds pay 4 per cent., all but a shilling or so, on the money, and the expense of buying them is $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., "all in." Japan $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of First Series at 96 yield $4\frac{1}{8}$, and the cost of buying is the same as the Egyptian Unified. The new China Railway (Canton-Kowloon) 5 per cent. bonds are to be had at a trifle over par, and are quite a good investment. Grand Trunk Pacific Lake Superior Fours are First Mortgage bonds, guaranteed by the Grand Trunk Railway as to capital and interest. No stamp-duties. Why buy Home Railway Preferred stocks?

ELECTRICITY SUPPLY SHARES.

Being past all sentiment of cheerfulness, the market for electricity supply shares is quite unaffected by the modification of the London County Council's Electric Power Bill. As a matter of fact, the companies should get some little advantage from the change, although the investor is alive to the fact that the sands of the monopolies are running out, and that what remains of them may be violently treated by local or other authorities with none too much respect for vested interests except their own. The passing of the dividend on Edmundson's Preference shares on May 1 came as a most unpleasant surprise to Electrical proprietors, and until some change occurs in the conditions of working, the shares in this department will be avoided by investors.

BROKEN HILL.

While there's speculation, there's hope of a rise. But Broken Hill shares have fallen out of general favour, and the consequence is that prices hang inert and depressed. From people in the Stock Exchange with Colonial connections we have excellent accounts of the progress of the industry. The Companies, however, are mostly managed in a manner too conservative for the London speculator, who, having had his fling at the group, and made money out of it, is content to sell what shares he may have been left with, and start operations elsewhere. Speculative investors are able to come in now at reasonable prices, and they may do so without incurring much risk of loss, remembering, of course, that the shares are speculative, like all mines, and especially those which for prosperity depend on the price of such metals as silver, lead, and zinc.

THE WAIHI MEETING.

Mutual congratulations between Board and shareholders were naturally the order of the day at the meeting of the Waihi Gold Mining Company on Thursday. Mr. Mitchison made his usual careful survey of the year's work, and of the Company's position, which cannot fail to satisfy the most exacting shareholder.

The points in his speech which will chiefly appeal to the great body of shareholders may be briefly summarised as follows: In the first place, the quarterly distributions are to be raised from 3s. to 3s. 6d. per share. In addition to this there will, of course, be a bonus at the end of the year, the amount of which cannot be determined at present, but I think I shall be on the safe side in predicting that it will be at least equal to this year's bonus—namely, 3s. per share—in which case the total distribution for 1907 would amount to 80 per cent. The next point which demands notice is Mr. Mitchison's statement as to the reduction works, from which I may quote a few words: "At present we have three tube mills, and six more are in course of erection. When the producer-gas and the gas-engines are erected these tube-mills will be sufficient to deal with the output of the stamps, and Mr. Barry estimates that an additional tonnage of about 5000 tons per month will be dealt with." The profit per ton of ore treated last year was 30s. 6d., so that, assuming the yield per ton to remain constant, an additional £90,000 of profit should be earned when the new plant is finished. The third point to which I would refer, and it is the most important of all, concerns the developments at the No. 8 level, the lowest level of the mine. It is too early to speak definitely as to these, or to institute a comparison between the 8th and 7th levels.

Another year's work will be required before the level is fully opened up. So far as work has gone at present, the reefs are fully maintaining their size, and the values are satisfactory. The greatest interest naturally centres round the development on the 8th level of the wonderful mass of ore discovered near the No. 2 Shaft on the 7th level, when at one point the cross-cut passed through 213 feet of quartz, of which 138 feet was payable. On the whole, prospects seem very bright, and the local opinion of the mine may be gauged from the significant fact, mentioned incidentally by the Chairman, that some fifty thousand shares have been transferred to the Colonial register in the past twelve months.—Q

P.S.—The *Investment Trust* Corporation comes into line with the other Trust Companies which have been recommended here by increasing its dividend for the year to 9 per cent. The valuation of the Company's assets shows an excess over the share, debenture capital and reserve fund of £250,000, of more than £200,000. In other words, the "break-up" value of the Deferred stock is over £180. It is significant of the condition of affairs on the Stock Exchange that the increase of dividend has had no effect, whatever on the price of the stock, which remains at about £154 cum. div., at which price it returns a clear 6 per cent.

Saturday, May 11, 1907.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor,"
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

STOCKINGS.—(1) The Railway bonds appear a fair second-class investment. (2) Hold the United of Havana; they will pay you good interest. (3) If you will take some risks, Alberta 5 per cent. Debentures might suit; or for a longer shot Manila Debentures, which, when the expected settlement is made with the United States Government, will probably come out well.

S. C.—Japanese Bonds are a good, sound investment. There is no chance of the Japanese Government lending you money upon them. When it has spare money here it lends to Banks, Discount Companies, and such-like, in large sums.

F. G. B.—Your letter was answered on the 6th inst. We do not know what to say about Zincs. The market is divided in its estimate of the chances. If the shares were our own we should hold on, but all patent processes are speculations.

ANXIOUS.—All Entertainment shares are very risky. Hold for a rise.
BUNKERED.—Hold on. The capital is small, and the prospects of the Nitrate trade good.

W. C.—If you buy a *Mining World* you will find the Oil shares quoted every week. (1) Certainly leave a limit with your broker for the Gwalia shares. The new plant will not be at work till June, and before then you should get the shares at 3s. 3d. (2) Buy the Oil Preference for choice.

GEE-GEE.—Hold the Debentures, as they should be all right, but, in any event, at present price don't seem worth selling.

J. P.—Your first letter was answered on the 8th, and your second on the 11th inst.

R. B.—We meant that they were dangerous to buy, but we also think they are dangerous to touch either way. The people behind the Company are a clever lot.

TRITON.—(1) Yes, there is a prospect of higher prices, but any set-back in Canadian prosperity would probably put them down. The only way to make money out of Bays is to buy when they are depressed and sell on a small rise. (2) The amount deducted is invested, and will in 1953 be divided among the annuitants. It is supposed to produce £22 4s. 5d. for each £1 annuity.

P. T. L.—Your letter was answered on the 10th inst.

E. R. T.—We should say none of them are any good.

LIEUT.—The following should suit: (1) Chinese Gold bonds; (2) City of Mexico 5 per cent. bonds; (3) Rosario Ordinary stock; (4) United States Brewing Company 6 per cent. Debentures. Add a few Wright and Eagle Range Ordinary, Mellin's Food Company of Australia 6 per cent. Preference, and *Lady's Pictorial* Preference.

KALLY.—Your letter has been sent on to "Q." He does not answer questions, but as you wish his views we will try to get them.

BRADY.—(1) The Printing Debentures should be all right; but we thought they were repayable on April 1, 1907. (2) The Railway Debentures are a fair investment.

C. A. (Dublin).—See answer to "Lieut." *Lady's Pictorial* Preference is, in our opinion, the best thing you could buy.

D.—We don't like either of the Companies you mention or the people connected with them; but if the shares were our own, we should hold for better prices, getting out as soon as we could with even a small loss.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Newmarket some of the following may go close; Flying Handicap, Hexagon; Wednesday Welter, Tebworth; Chesterfield Plate, Angouleme; Newmarket Stakes, Linacre; Spring Two-Year-Old Stakes, Galea; Abingdon Plate, Bellatrix; Three-Year-Old Handicap, Gillie Callum; Payne Stakes, Polar Star; Bedford Plate, Quelpart; Breeders' Stakes, Galea. At Haydock Park Devereux ought to win the Manor Handicap, Pieman the Makerfield Handicap, and Lischana the Haydock Park Handicap. For Gatwick I fancy the following: Alexandra Handicap, Rachel; Worth Stakes, Ismelia; Prince's Handicap, The Page; Reigate Welter, Berly; Marlborough Stakes, Zinc. At Hurst Park on Whit Monday the Holiday Handicap may go to Goring Heath. Harcourt should capture the Vyner Handicap, and Criffel the Whitsuntide Plate.

BRAZIL'S BEAUTIFUL CAPITAL: RIO DE JANEIRO.

THE popular impression of Rio de Janeiro is that it is a dreamy old romantic city of the Latin type, swooning under a tropical sun by day, and reeking of miasma by night. Instead of this, Rio to-day is one of the healthiest and most progressive cities in the world, with a population of about a million.



AVENIDA CENTRAL.

Magnificent streets, noble buildings (both public and private), and vast improvements, the results of enlightened federal and municipal enterprise, which knows how to combine beauty and utility, are everywhere in evidence. The bay upon which Rio is situated is, in its way, more beautiful than the far-famed Sydney harbour, the pride of the Southern Seas. It is completely land-locked, is bordered by mountains, and apart from its scenic aspect is one of the finest harbours in the world, and very large sums of money have recently been paid to English contractors for further improving it. The climate of Rio is like that of England, only that there is no disagreeable winter, and for two months in the year it is considerably hotter. The visit paid to it last year by Mr.



A VIADUCT IN RIO USED FOR TRAMWAY.



BOTAFOGO BAY AND DISTRICT.

Elihu Root, American Secretary of State to the Pan-American Congress at Rio de Janeiro, has attracted much attention to the Brazilian capital, which Mr. Root terms "that attractive and beautiful city, which ought to be a great pleasure-resort for the people of the United States." Since Mr. Root's return to Washington United States financiers have been directing close scrutiny into the affairs of Brazil for the investment of American money in reproductive enterprises; but so far as the City of Rio, the Federal capital, is concerned, they have been forestalled by a group of British-Canadian capitalists, who have secured from the civic authorities and the Federal Government very valuable concessions involving the practical

monopoly of supplying Rio de Janeiro and the Federal district with electrical traction, power, and light. It is within the past few years that the wonderful transformation of Rio

has taken place, nothing like which has been attempted in the way of municipal enterprise since the last Emperor Napoleon and Baron Haussmann undertook the reformation and rebuilding of Paris; and what has been done in Rio is a larger and glorified edition of what was attempted

in Paris. In three years' time the streets have been paved in the most up-to-date fashion. A great boulevard system has been laid out and finished, and the city will soon be completely lighted with electricity. A whole group of magnificent new public buildings has been erected—ranging from an ideally beautiful opera-house which cost £600,000, to a public library aiming at the completeness of the public library of Boston, U.S.A., than which there is no finer in the world. As a coping-stone to the many magnificent buildings already completed, plans, the result of a competition, have just been approved for a great National Capitol which is expected to



PALACIO MONROE.



A STREET VIEW IN RIO.

be as grand an edifice as the National Capitol of the United States. With modern improvements and up-to-date sanitation the public health of Rio has improved in a manner that is as surprising as it is satisfactory. The death-rate is now given as about sixteen per thousand in a population of approximately a million people living within the tropics. Turning to handbooks of statistics nothing can be found to equal this health record.

It is perfectly evident that Brazil has completely recovered from the bad financial management of the past, and that the entire country is making most rapid progress. Dr. Alphonso Penna, President of Brazil, recently stated that his Administration will attempt to add at least one million people to the population of the

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Republic through immigration during the next four years, and will build ten thousand miles of railroad during the same period. The city of Rio, as the federal and commercial capital of Brazil, is, of course, the first to feel the effects of the remarkably progressive policy now in force. The Bay of Rio is already becoming the centre of an enormous manufacturing movement. For instance, a few years ago Rio was a large importer of flour from the United States: to-day she has her own mills, and takes no flour at all from America. Cotton textile manufactures are protected with a duty of 200 per cent.; woollens, 200 per cent.; shoes, 100 per cent.; furniture, 100 per cent.; jutes, 100 per cent., and so on, and, aided by such protective duties, manufactures are coming into existence in all directions. Coal for steam and gas purposes has to be imported, and its cost when delivered has been such as to make its use ruinously expensive. But within a few months Rio will be independent of coal and steam for power purposes, for the Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light, and Power Company is now completing the work of supplying the city with electric light and energy to an extent of not less than 50,000 h.p., with water enough in reserve to generate another 50,000 h.p. when occasion arises.

Of recent years a group of well-known Canadians and their associates have made the exploitation of large electrical enterprises their particular province, and the Board of Directors of the Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light, and Power Company, Limited, are thoroughly representative of the group of Canadian financiers who, since the period of electrical development set in, have between them been responsible for about nine-tenths of the electrical enterprises of Canada, the remarkable advance of electrical science there, and for practically the whole of the British, American and Continental capital invested in electricity in the Dominion. The president of the Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light, and Power Company is Mr. William Mackenzie, Toronto, who is best known in England as president of the Canadian Northern Railway, but he is also president of the Sao Paulo, the Toronto, and the Winnipeg Electric Railways. Mr. Mackenzie is also a director of the Canadian General Electric Company, and a number of electric railways. Sir William C. Van Horne, K.C.M.G., Montreal, a director, was formerly president and is now chairman of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He is a director of the Winnipeg Electric Railway and also of a similar railway in Havana, Cuba. Mr. E. R. Wood, Toronto, is a director of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and of the Sao Paulo Electric Railway, and is president of the National Trust Company of Canada. Mr. Frederic Nicholls, Toronto, is vice-president of the Canadian General Electric Company, the Toronto Electric Railway and the Sao Paulo Electric Railways. He is a director of the Canadian Northern Railway and also of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. Mr. Z. A. Lash, K.C., Toronto, is a director of the Canadian Northern Railway, also of the Niagara, St. Catherine's, and Toronto Railway and of the Canada Life Assurance Company, and is a leading authority on international law. Dr. F. S. Pearson, New York, another director, is also on the directorates of the Metropolitan Electric Company of New York and the Sao Paulo Electric Railway, and is consulting engineer to the Electrical Development Company of New York. Mr. W. L. Bull, New York, a director, is also a member of the Board of Directors of the Great Northern Railway of the United States, the Western Union Telegraph Company, and the National Bank of America. The local management of the Rio de Janeiro Company is in the capable hands of Mr. Alexander Mackenzie—no relative of Mr. William Mackenzie, the president—one of the most remarkable and rising men in South America. Mr. R. M. Horne Payne is director in Europe of the Rio de Janeiro Company, and fills the same position on the Board of the Canadian Northern Railway and also in the directorate of the Sao Paulo Tramway, Light, and Power Company, Limited, a kindred Canadian undertaking in Brazil of an eminently successful nature. Mr. Horne Payne is chairman of the British Columbia Electric Railway Company, and holds a similar position in the British Empire Trust Company, Limited—a concern which of recent years has taken a leading place in Anglo-Canadian finance.

The gentlemen named above, as composing the Board of Directors of the Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light, and Power Company, are, each of them, experts in dealing with electrical undertakings upon a large scale, and the practical guarantees of efficiency afforded by having such men in the direction of Rio's electrical development, together with their very high financial standing, collectively and individually, give assurance that the requirements of Rio in the provision of electric power and light will be dealt with by competent management. The Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light, and Power Company is incorporated in Canada with a capital of fifty million dollars, of which one half is in first mortgage gold bonds, bearing interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly in Toronto, New York, or London. The balance of the capital of the Company is in shares of one hundred dollars each. The bonds are in denominations of \$100 (£20 10s. 11d.), \$500 (£102 14s. 10d.), and \$1000 (£205 9s. 6d) each, and are redeemable in gold on Jan. 1, 1935. In registration and other matters connected with the securities of the Rio de Janeiro Company in Europe, the British Empire Trust Company, Limited, Threadneedle House, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C., acts as agent for the Brazilian Company.

THE FUTURE CARLOS V.?

NOT even the birth of the present Tsarevitch was hailed with such extravagant manifestations of joy and, what is perhaps more to the purpose, with such sincere and heartfelt expressions of pleasure in this country as the arrival of the royal baby who, it is hoped in Spain, will live to reign as Carlos V. The fickle goddess Chance plays a great part in royal lives, and the Spaniards are surely right in regarding their beautiful Queen as born under a singularly lucky star, for since her marriage everything has turned out in ideal fashion, both for herself, the King, and the Spanish nation.

"Un Chico!" The first authentic news of the happy event became known to the breathless crowd outside the palace through the agency of a soldier, who had promised his sweetheart that she should hear the glad tidings before anyone else. He rushed out screaming at the top of his voice, "Un chico! un chico!" ("A boy! a boy!") Alfonso XIII. is still so young that most of the Madrilenos remember vividly the chastened joy which surrounded the birth, just twenty-one years ago this month, of their present Sovereign, the only royal babe ever born a king. Already they have transferred to Queen Victoria Eugénie's infant the nickname which was so long borne by his father, "El Pequenito"—"The Little One."

King Precedent.

In Spain, precedent is king, and the young Queen, in this all-important matter of the birth of her first child, has shown great good sense and unselfishness in bending before national sentiment and national custom. Every detail of the lengthy ceremonies in which the future King took part on the first day of his life was settled weeks ago, and carried out to the letter, and even a very cursory account of such a ceremony as the Presentation makes it clear that it is fortunate the Prince of Asturias is a robust and healthy infant, for the first glimpse his future subjects had of him showed him in all the majesty of Nature!

The Christening.

Peculiar pleasure surrounds the christening of his Most Catholic Majesty's eldest child and heir. The ceremony takes place in the Royal Chapel of the Palace, and it is attended by the whole of the official world which can be accommodated within its sacred precincts, and no word of the rather lengthy service which precedes the actual pouring of the water over the royal infant is omitted. The baptismal font is immensely old, and, according to tradition, it was first used at the christening of that great Spanish saint—an ancestor, by the way, of the Empress Eugénie—Domingo de Guzman. Of red marble, it has been thickly plated with gold and silver arabesques studded with gems, but when a royal baptism is about to take place the base of the font is draped with cloth-of-gold brocade. The baptismal procession is a magnificent revival of mediæval pageantry. Each member of the royal households wears a special dress, and seven Spanish grandees, habited in bright red and gold costumes, bear on golden salvers the various objects which play so important a part in Roman Catholic baptism—namely, the sacred oils, a set of wax candles, an ounce of pure salt, the coins which are to form the parents' offering, a jar of water, and the cloth which is to figure in due course as the emblem of a pure and spotless life. The Prince of Asturias immediately follows these seven gentlemen, and the right to bear him in her arms is vested in the Queen's Mistress of the Robes, who wears across her breast a broad red sash with gold fringe. By her side walk the godfather (in this case the Papal Nuncio, acting as proxy to the Pope) and the godmother, who, as is customary on the Continent, is the royal babe's paternal grandmother, Queen Marie Christine. The ceremony lasts a considerable time, for in the case of the Prince of Asturias the infant is invested with the great Spanish Order of Chivalry immediately after the baptism is concluded.

A Million Blessings.

Following the example of his mother, who did everything in her power to make her baby son's name intimately associated with the joys of his poorer subjects, King Alfonso has showered benefits on his people during the last few days. Every child born in Spain on the eventful May 10, 1907, will have reason to remember with gratitude the Prince of Asturias, for their Majesties will stand sponsors to every Spanish child sharing their eldest son's birthday. Prisoners condemned to death have had their penalty commuted; vast sums of money have been distributed to the deserving poor; virtuous maidens have been dowered, and literally every important event in the future King's infant life will be made the excuse for showering gifts on the Spanish people. To give but one example: when the baby Prince is inducted into his first pair of shoes, a thousand pairs of boots will be given to those too poor to purchase them, and wooden legs will be provided for the legless!

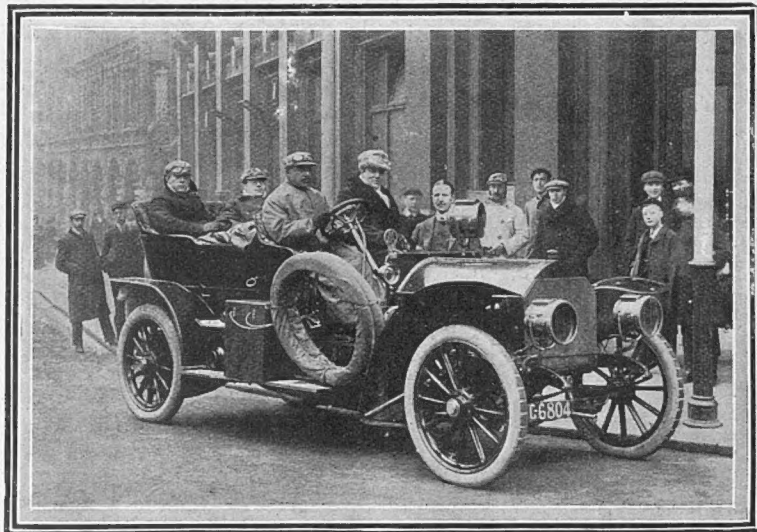
The Royal Nursery.

The Prince of Asturias will spend the first years of his little life in a typical English nursery. A British artist has designed the delightful frieze recalling the dear old nursery rhymes equally familiar to palace and cottage; and quaint counterfeit presentments of the domestic animals to whom Queen Victoria Eugénie is so devoted, and whose lot in her adopted country she hopes to improve, play an important part in the artistic decoration of the suite of rooms, the arrangement of which has given both their Majesties such pleasure and amusement during the last few months.

THE MAN ON THE CAR.—(Continued.)

A STANDARD four-cylinder 45-h.p. Mercédès is the latest car to flash into view in connection with the London to Monte Carlo record, originally initiated by that dashing driver, Mr. Charles Jarrott. Naturally, when Crossleys and Rolls-Royces, Irises and Italas had all had a cut at this particular jaunt, the

Notwithstanding the objections of the unprogressive prejudiced, it is questionable whether the Legislature will ever be brought to the insertion of a clause in any Motor Act forbidding the use of far-reaching lamps on motor-cars. It is true that many types of acetylene-burning lamps cast forward such brilliant beams of light that drivers and pedestrians encountered on the road are more or less dazzled, particularly if they stare straight into the beams. If they would only look to the right or left



BREAKER OF THE LONDON TO MONTE CARLO RECORD: THE 45-H.P. FOUR-CYLINDER MERCEDES STANDARD TOURING CAR, WHICH COMPLETED THE JOURNEY IN 29 HOURS 20 MINUTES.

Mercédès could not long abstain. Biding her time, she has been loosed at the distance, and in 45-h.p. trim has succeeded in connecting up London and Monte Carlo in 29 hrs. 20 min. or 4¼ hrs. better than the previous best. The car, driven by A. G. Brown, and carrying Messrs. Bell, Wilson, and Roland Browne, was started from the Motor Club at 8.25 a.m. on the 8th inst. by Mr. Stenson Cooke, arriving at Monte Carlo at 1.45 p.m. on the following day. Dunlop tyres went through all the way without mishap.



A STAR AND A "GODESS": MISS PHYLLIS DARE AND HER SIX-CYLINDER MINERVA.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

of the light-shaft, they would find their vision comparatively unobscured, and this is a fact which should be pressed home by motorists whenever opportunity arises. In the case of the latest productions in head-lights, such as the Rushmore lamps, the glass in the front of the lamps is formed of perpendicular strips, which have the effect of depriving the beams of all their glare so soon as the oncoming passenger is within from twenty to thirty yards of the car.

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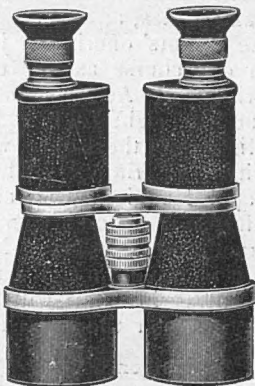
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